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July 12, 1980 $1

EDITORIAL

NOT FREE TO CHOOSE

Before the Supreme Court held in 1973 that the decision to terminate a pregnancy is a fundamental right, most well-to-do adult women found ways to get safe medical abortions, but the circumstances were often degrading. The promise of *Roe* v. *Wade* was that women already getting abortions no longer needed to be furtive and that the very young and the poor could also choose whether to bear children.

Last week in *Harris* v. *McRae* the Court held that Congress and the states may deny poor women the reimbursement for medically necessary abortions that they can get for any other medical treatment. The decision sweeps away most of the practical benefits of *Roe*. Those who can afford abortions will still be able to get them readily. But hundreds of thousands of teen-agers and poor women—the groups most likely to incur unwanted pregnancies—cannot.

The struggle is not over, of course; abortion policy will be a battleground in Congress and the state legislatures for the rest of this century. The anti-abortion lobby is extraordinarily powerful—probably the most powerful popular movement in the country—and will gain momentum from last week's decision. Since millions of women have an immediate and direct interest in abortion, the pro-choice forces should also be strong, but it has proved difficult to mobilize large numbers of women to fight for the right to obtain abortions. Those who are most politically effective do not feel their own rights threatened. Yet well-to-do women are also threatened by a constitutional amendment banning abortion, which is the ultimate goal of the anti-abortion forces. If that disaster is to be averted, women who are still able to exercise their right to choose must join hands with the women whose freedom has been diminished in the coming political battles over funding abortions.

CAREY McWILLIAMS 1905-1980

U.S. v. RAMSEY CLARK
Leonard B. Boudin

THE ASSASSINS
A.W. Singham

MOYNIHAN AGONISTES
John S. Rosenberg & Jay Peterzell

TRITIUM FOR SALE
Howard Morland

AM I A JEW?
Peggy Dennis

ABUNDANT ENERGY

THE NATURAL GAS BOOM

FRED J. COOK

Natural gas reserves are so huge that they amount to "about ten times the energy value of all [previous] oil, gas and coal reserves in the United States combined," according to Dr. Vincent McElvay, director of the U.S. Geological Survey, in a speech in Boston in 1977. Dr. McElvay was reflecting on the findings of a geological survey which concluded that zones of seabed along the Louisiana and Texas coasts alone held 24,000 trillion cubic feet of gas—the equivalent of 4 trillion barrels of oil, roughly twice the estimate of the ultimate world resources in petroleum.

According to Dr. Paul H. Jones in 1978: "There's good scientific evidence that this brine [in the Tuscaloosa Trend along the Louisiana-Texas coasts] could contain as much as 50,000 trillion cubic feet of [natural] gas. That's equal to 2,500 times our present yearly production." Dr. Jones, a veteran geologist widely respected as the foremost authority on the area, later changed this estimate to 100,000 trillion cubic feet. "From all I hear now, my 50,000 trillion prediction looks conservative," he said in May 1980.

"The Greater Anadarko Basin [a broad strip stretching across lower Oklahoma and the Texas Panhandle] ranks right up there with the Gulf Coast for its gas resources," said Bill Dutcher, associate of Robert Heffner III, pioneer wildcatter of the Anadarko and chairman of the American Gas Association's Independent Gas Producers' Committee. Heffner has predicted that deep-drilling in the Anadarko (not counting a veritable pincushion of shallow, conventional wells) could yield some 60 trillion to 300 trillion cubic feet of gas.

(Continued on Page 48)

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LETTERS.

CARTER FOR PRESIDENT

New York City

Your request [*The Nation*, May 17] for "views on the Best Man, 1980" prompts herewith feelings on That Man, Carter. Carter deserves the Presidency. It is a corrupt office, up for grabs by cynical politicians packaged in hyped, media-visual, chauvinist and macho appeal. And Carter, intent on his second coming as a born-again Christian, rates as the most unscrupulous candidate to fill that office. For the office is a bulwark against strivings for peace, justice, fraternity, community and social health. *Louis Linden*

THE PROGRESSIVE DISPUTES DUGGER

Madison, Wis.

I have the deepest respect and affection for Ronnie Dugger—a courageous journalist and a devoted friend. But I'm afraid he has let his emotions—his lingering love affair with Camelot—run away with him ["The Trashing of Teddy," *The Nation*, June 21].

Ronnie is entitled, of course, to his last-ditch enthusiasm for Ted Kennedy's Presidential aspirations, and I can understand his regret that such enthusiasm was not shared by "the left press"—including *The Nation* and *The Progressive*. But the motives he imputes to your publication and ours are unworthy of him. It is absurd to suggest that these "exemplars of the progressive press [are] mere approval-seekers who follow the corporate press. . . ." Ronnie knows better, and so does any reader who is even casually acquainted with *The Nation* or *The Progressive*.

We wish we could explain away (as Ronnie rather unsuccessfully attempts to do) Kennedy's aggressive sponsorship of the criminal-code reform bill. But at a time when the forces of repression are mobilizing to curb the "excess of democracy" that so sorely troubles the American establishment, a candidate so obviously indifferent to civil liberties deserves only our contempt.

However, our lack of interest in the Kennedy candidacy was prompted neither by "the corporate press" nor even by Kennedy's sorry record on criminal-code reform. Our real problem with Kennedy is that he is exactly what Ronnie calls him—"a liberal's liberal," offering the old, empty liberal nostrums.

If we believed—as Ronnie apparently still does—that the mere imposition of wage and price controls were an effective answer to the structural weaknesses of our irrational economy; if we believed that consumer-protection legislation were sufficient to shield us from the depredations of an economic order based on corporate greed; if we believed that being "for development but against deployment of the MX" were an adequate response to the lunacy of the nuclear arms race—if we could still subscribe, in short, to the Band-Aid solutions of shopworn liberalism, we would cheerfully join Ronnie in his quest for the restoration of Camelot. But we cannot. Our time cries out for *radical*—not liberal—solutions.

Sooner or later, I am certain, Ronnie Dugger will abandon the pointless old game of opting every four years for "the lesser evil." As Eugene Debs observed, "I'd rather vote for what I want and not get it than vote for what I don't want and get it." *Erwin Knoll*

Editor, The Progressive

THE YEARS WITH CAREY

New York City

I really knew Carey McWilliams only for his last seventeen years: I met him in 1963, having been nominated to serve as *The Nation*'s "guest publisher" for its Centennial issue. Of course I had known of him for many years before that—as an editor, then *the* editor, of the magazine with which we all grew up, the weekly to which we all looked for rational discourse on the problems and issues that divided the nation and disturbed the world (in my case from 1927 onward).

The Nation of the 1930s, it must be said, made me feel just a bit derelict in not quitting college to lay my body on the line in Spain. In the 1940s, after Carey's arrival, we proudly read the magazine though it was perhaps a little disconcerting to find oneself in the mainstream (anyone for Hitler?). During the 1950s, with Joe McCarthy strutting his hour upon the stage, it was significant and proudful to realize one was reading the only magazine which—to its extreme cost—stood up to the stampedes of that time. In the 1960s I finally got to know the man who had for so long, and to such a degree, earned my admiration. I had the privilege of working with him for a decade, and at the end of the year 1975 was forced to respect his desire for withdrawal from the daily and weekly trauma of editing *The Nation*. Carey never gave me the occasion fully to deplore his leaving; during his last five years he continued to be as productive as ever.

There really is no acceptable way in which I, or anyone, can adequately characterize Carey McWilliams. He was a man sui generis from the time of his youth, in the 1920s, when his first book appeared, his biography of Ambrose Bierce, one who appealed to his sense of romance (always present in him) and who, as a journalist, served as the model whose skills were exceeded by those of his admirer. Carey was a man of immense outreach, above all else.

He was always reaching out, to his readers, and to the world. He never ceased. He never slackened. To say that we will not look upon his like again is to belabor the obvious, at least to those of us who knew him, and especially to those of us who had the privilege of working with him. He had suffered—that is the exact word—for many years from a malady appropriately known as tic douloureux, whose sheer pain is unmatched by any other affliction. Yet I shall never forget when, in 1975, I returned from a brief stay in the hospital and asked him how he felt, Carey replied: "How do *you* feel? That's what matters!"

. . . Well, Carey, not so good at this moment. I feel somehow—to paraphrase a late nineteenth-century cartoon which was arguably the most famous of all time—that we have dropped our pilot. To whom shall we now look for the wisdom we had so long taken for granted? Our thanks, and our respect, and our love go with you, Carey McWilliams. *James Storrow*

Publisher of The Nation, *1965-77*

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CONTENTS.

Volume 231, No. 2

COVER
Editorial: Not Free to Choose
Abundant Energy:
The Natural Gas Boom — *Fred J. Cook*

LETTERS
34

EDITORIALS
35 Carey McWilliams
36 *U.S.* v. *Clark* — *Leonard B. Boudin*
37 The Assassins — *A. W. Singham*
38 Moynihan Agonistes — *John S. Rosenberg and Jay Peterzell*
39 *Notes & Items*

ARTICLES
40 Putting the C.I.A. "Right": Reagan's Plans for Intelligence — *Jeff Stein*
41 The Other Proliferation: Tritium: Secret Ingredient Of the H-bomb — *Howard Morland*
44 Am I a Jew? A Radical's Search for an Answer — *Peggy Dennis*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
53 Jarrell: Kipling, Auden & Co. — *Robert B. Shaw*
54 Dinges and Landau: Assassination on Embassy Row — *Jorge Nef*
56 Television — *Mark Crispin Miller*
58 Shapeshifting (poem) — *Nancy Esposito*
59 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*
60 Pop Music — *Tom Smucker*
61 Theater — *Harold Clurman*

Drawings by Frances Jetter

Editor, Victor Navasky

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EDITORIALS.

Carey McWilliams

As he lay in his hospital bed during his last illness, his body weakened, Carey McWilliams beckoned a visitor closer and confided that his nurse was "the despot of despots." He was a small-d democrat to the end, which came on June 27.

That was something his critics—the self-styled Vital Center liberals of the cold-war years—never understood. They couldn't comprehend this perpetual outsider, this odd man out whose goal was to expose and shake up the power structure rather than to climb it. His radicalism blinded them to his libertarian humanism. His fight for minorities, immigrants and the disenfranchised long before such causes were fashionable was beholden to no "line"; it was the product of a large heart and a robust social conscience.

Historians are still debating the origins of the cold war, but the idea that Communism or the Communist Party presented an internal threat during those years was a hoax. Carey McWilliams, editor of this journal from 1955 to 1975, was among the first to label it as such. As Norman Redlich wrote many years later, "He was a watchman in the night, shouting that our precious liberties were being eroded." The *Witchhunt* he made the title of his 1950 book was aimed not at America's enemies but at our beliefs, our associations, our freedom of inquiry, at exercising constitutional rights.

He was a deceptive man because he had the strength to be gentle. As Carl Sandburg said of Lincoln: "Not often in the story of mankind does a man arrive on earth who is both steel and velvet, who is as hard as rock, and as soft as drifting fog, who holds in his heart and mind the paradox of terrible storm and peace unspeakable and perfect." The prose in the columns he contributed to these pages during his last years was as plain-spoken, unadorned and factual as the man; you always knew where he stood, but he did the reader the honor of seeking his assent as he shared the discoveries of his restlessly probing mind. His style was invisible

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because the substance was his style. In converse or disputation he often capped an uncompromising thrust with a question—"Don't you think so?" This was as much a mark of his intellectual curiosity as of his civility.

Although he collected some honors toward the end of his life, Carey McWilliams's contributions to America are not yet fully understood. The legacy he left us—in his work, his books, his magazine, the writers he encouraged and the example of his life—will be drawn upon by posterity for years to come. It is a legacy that tells us, above all, that it is possible to resist and prevail. He never stopped fighting for the principles he knew to be right or the truths he knew were unpopular. Sooner or later history will discover how right he was.

It is ironic that after a lifetime as an iconoclast, a self-styled "Western radical," fighting institutional injustices, he became something of an institution himself. Here at *The Nation* we know how much we will miss his presence, his voice and his counsel. The nation of which he was such a useful citizen should miss him too.

U.S. v. Clark

Leonard B. Boudin, general counsel of the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, argued three definitive passport cases before the U.S. Supreme Court, including the famous Rockwell Kent v. John Foster Dulles *(1958), which upheld the constitutional right to travel.*

Although skeptical of President Jimmy Carter's "inclination" to punish former Attorney General Ramsey Clark for his recent trip to Iran, Boudin had a dream about cross-examining President Carter in the trial of United States v. Ramsey Clark. *The dream was intercepted by the Federal Bureau of Investigation and a transcript routinely forwarded to* The Nation. *—The Editors*

Q. Mr. President, you have publicly stated that former Attorney General Ramsey Clark should be prosecuted criminally for traveling to Iran to attend an international conference.

A. Mr. Boudin, I actually said to an impromptu news conference aboard Air Force 1—quite a good place for legal analysis, incidentally—only that it was my "inclination" to prosecute Mr. Clark and his nine colleagues. I also said that it was only my "guess" that the Justice Department would seek civil and criminal penalties.

Q. Was this the same Mr. Clark whom you sent to Iran as your personal representative in November 1979 to negotiate the return of the hostages?

A. Yes, but this time it was the Iranians who invited him.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

A memorial service for Carey McWilliams will be held at the Ethical Culture Society, 2 West 64th Street, New York City, July 10 at 4 P.M. *Nation* readers are invited.

Moreover, in April 1980, I forbade travel to Iran without permission of the State and Treasury Departments.

Q. Didn't the Supreme Court decide in *Kent* v. *Dulles* that there is a constitutional right to travel and that Congress had not authorized the Secretary of State to interfere with that right?

A. True, Mr. Boudin, but that opinion was written by Justice William O. Douglas, a well-known liberal on the Court, and was decided by a vote of 5 to 4. Since then, my predecessor, Richard M. Nixon, gave us the Burger Court.

Q. Aren't Presidents required to obey the law as it is, and hasn't the Supreme Court repeatedly affirmed the principles of *Kent* v. *Dulles*?

A. True, but have you forgotten that Ramsey Clark's father, Tom C. Clark, wrote the dissenting opinion in the *Kent* case? When a son repudiates his father on an important legal issue, we face the breakdown of the family.

Q. Didn't the Supreme Court unanimously rule in *United States* v. *Laub* in 1965 that criminal prosecutions could not be brought on charges of conspiracy to encourage travel to Cuba?

A. Yes, but that was Cuba, not Iran, and the travel was *de minimis*, only ninety miles from home.

Q. Isn't it improper and unprecedented for a President publicly to charge an American citizen with guilt?

A. No, you will recall that President Nixon publicly accused Charles Manson of murdering Sharon Tate. I join Mr. Nixon in his explanation: "The last thing that I would do is to prejudice the legal rights of any persons, in any circumstances."

Q. How do you reconcile your proposed criminal prosecution with Secretary of State Edmund Muskie's more favorable view of Mr. Clark's trip? Didn't Mr. Muskie say that he would be glad to hear anything significant that Mr. Clark had learned on the trip?

A. I made Ed Muskie my Secretary of State. Another remark like that from him and he'll follow Cyrus Vance as the next Harvard commencement speaker.

Q. The Department of Justice, speaking through Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti and Assistant Attorney General Philip Heymann, has indicated that it is not taking orders from you. Surely Mr. Heymann's views on prosecuting violators of travel bans are entitled to special weight since the Supreme Court in *United States* v. *Laub* relied upon his Senate testimony when he was Acting Director of the State Department's Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs. I quote:

> We have very inadequate statutory authority for prosecuting violations of our area restrictions. I think it is inadequate in two directions. One, it does not make clear that it is a crime to go into a restricted area; two, it makes the penalty too severe for effective enforcement.

A. I am still the Chief Executive of the United States and the Department of Justice is under my control. My view of Presidential power, although typically modest, was well stated in Jim St. Clair's Supreme Court brief on behalf of Richard Nixon.

Q. Wasn't that inherent power theory rejected by the

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Supreme Court in the Pentagon Papers case when urged by President Nixon and Attorney General John Mitchell who were seeking an injunction without statutory authority against *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*?

A. True enough, but Justices Hugo Black and William O. Douglas are no longer on the Court. Instead, we now have Justices William Rehnquist and Lewis Powell. Who knows how the hostage problem and Afghanistan will affect their views on the law.

Q. Was your statement on Ramsey Clark motivated by domestic political considerations?

A. Not in the slightest. It is true that Richard Nixon won his first Presidential election by attacking Ramsey Clark. As a former official of the Eisenhower Administration explained to Richard Harris for his book *Justice*: "Whenever Dick finds himself in trouble, he always personalizes an issue. In this case, crime was the issue and Clark was the person." While my proposal to prosecute Ramsey Clark will undoubtedly help me in the coming election, my repeated statements on morality in the original *Playboy* interview show that my motives, if not my thoughts, are pure.

Q. Thank you, Mr. President.

LEONARD B. BOUDIN

The Assassins

Political violence is not new to the Caribbean region but events of the past month suggest an emerging anti-left pattern. On June 14, the brilliant Guyanese historian and political activist Walter Rodney was assassinated by a bomb. On June 19, I sat on a platform in Grenada where a bomb intended to wipe out the leadership of Grenada was detonated, killing innocent children. Prime Minister Michael Manley of Jamaica reported recently that a right-wing group had planned to assassinate his Chief of Staff and replace his Government.

There is a growing view in some quarters within the United States that radical movements for social change in the Caribbean are the work of a few conspiratorial figures and that if one eliminates them, one simultaneously eliminates the movement. There are also those who believe that these movements can be destroyed by creating internal conditions of social anarchy, international economic boycott and, finally, political assassination. This strategy may have had some success elsewhere but is bound to fail in the Caribbean. It assumes that violence will depoliticize the people and make them subservient. It is often forgotten that the Caribbean has a long history of political resistance, beginning with Toussaint Louverture in Haiti. This recent act of terror in Grenada, for example, touched off mass demonstrations the very next day throughout the island, with nearly one-tenth of the population turning out to protest.

The tendency in Washington is to view the Caribbean in primarily geopolitical and strategic terms within the framework of the old Monroe Doctrine and Rio Treaty. Since the 1950s, however, the Caribbean has become a sea of independent militant nations who do not want to be chained either to Europe or to North America. They are determined to escape the hell of underdevelopment—malnutrition, illiteracy, hunger and permanent unemployment—by seeking new links with Africa, Central and South America and Asia, and the diplomatic weapon they have chosen is nonalignment. For them the old international economic order and the existing political order is the major cause of their underdevelopment. Thus, the social change that is taking place is a revolution against underdevelopment.

The 1960s saw a number of Caribbean countries become independent. However, political independence in itself has not been enough to meet the needs of the vast majority of the people. Political structures left behind by the colonial powers also appear to be totally inadequate to deal with the economic crisis. Instead, independence has produced a new class of buccaneers, robber barons and carpetbaggers who use state power to accumulate private wealth. Politicians have turned politics into a business and transformed the entire governmental apparatus into a mechanism for satisfying their personal needs. Grenada is a classic case of a country that was transformed by its former leader, Sir Eric Gairy, into a private estate. Nearly twenty years ago, I argued that this type of constitutional structure produced false competition among political parties. What I did not foresee was how this constitutional order would result in the creation of paramilitary political organizations wherein gang politics replaces party politics, and these gangs are being used to preserve the lives of politicians, their families and their property. Nationalist populist politics has been transformed into a unique Caribbean variety of fascist politics.

Since the 1970s, a new type of political leadership has emerged. Michael Manley was the first to break with the old order in the English-speaking Caribbean and, with the support of Jamaican youth, usher in a new era of economic democracy. Throughout the rest of the Caribbean, older politicians are now being threatened by a post-independence generation of youth that is tired of permanent unemployment, of standing in long lines outside the U.S. Embassy to get a visa, and angry with those who retain dual residences in Miami and the Caribbean and secret bank accounts in Switzerland. The new Caribbean leaders, like Maurice Bishop of Grenada, and the New Military Council in Surinam are determined not to allow their countries to become houses of corruption benefiting the few. The repressive regime in Guyana found it impossible to tolerate even a Walter Rodney. Rodney represented the hope for a new Caribbean where people of all races could live in peace. But the dilemma that leaders such as Manley face is that they are trying to introduce economic justice at a time when the entire world economy is in chaos and the International Monetary Fund is asking people whose stomachs are empty to tighten their belts.

What the new leaders want is an economic and political system that is capable of providing services to fulfill the basic human needs of their populations. It is this that leads them to search for a new economic order and to examine the socialist alternative. They are not impressed by the Puerto

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Rican model, which they feel is based on cultural alienation, food stamps and the emigration of a third of its population. What puzzles the new leaders is the reaction of the United States and the Western allies, who, instead of attempting to understand why people wish to escape the hell of underdevelopment, have now decided to declare war on the Caribbean.

The United States, for example, has created a Caribbean military task force. *The Washington Post* of June 15 reports that the United States is considering training local police (à la Savak?), which is prohibited by U.S. law. Britain is establishing a new defense unit in Barbados. The French have been strengthening the police force in Martinique to quell riots. And in Surinam, foreign elements were recently active in an attempted counter-coup. Needless to say, Cuba has been under constant harassment for twenty years. Even the sedate, oil-rich, pro-West regime of Dr. Eric Williams of Trinidad has begun to complain of right-wing coup attempts. People of the Caribbean have begun to see a link between the militarization of the region and the growth of internal political violence. As one moderate Caribbean leader told me, "While some of us may be willing to allow the United States to provide us with collective security, the question is who can protect us from the United States." For the majority of Caribbean governments, it is obvious that this undeclared state of war can only be ended by the normalization of relations between the United States and Cuba.

As I walked away from the bomb blast on June 19 in Grenada, I was accompanied by two young students who were concerned that I return safely to my hotel. I asked them what they wanted to become in life, and one 17-year-old told me he wanted to study history, especially Caribbean history, so that he could understand why Grenada was so poor. I could not help but tearfully recall that nearly twenty years ago, another young man told me that he wanted to study history. I wondered whether another Walter Rodney had already appeared, and in my pain and anguish wondered when and who will kill this young man. I did not have the courage to ask him his name. A.W. SINGHAM

A.W. Singham, a member of The Nation*'s Editorial Board, is professor of political science at Brooklyn College and was formerly senior lecturer in government at the University of the West Indies, Jamaica.*

Moynihan Agonistes

On June 3, the Senate finally passed S. 2284, the Intelligence Oversight Act of 1980. Between its introduction in January and its passage in June, this bill dwindled from a 176-page comprehensive charter (albeit one that unleashed more than it leashed) to its current eight paragraphs limited to reporting requirements. [See editorial, "Less Is More," May 24.] Of the many twists and turns along the way, none was more striking or unexpected than the emergence late in the day of Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan as a leading advocate of several groups that have been in the forefront of efforts to place curbs on the Central Intelligence Agency.

S. 2284 is purely procedural, the result of the Senate Intelligence Committee's inability to agree on substantive matters. In order to prevent the bill from being laden with amendments that might have delayed or even blocked passage, the committee members agreed to refrain from offering any amendments on the floor. All agreed, that is, except Senator Moynihan, who introduced an amendment designed to bar intelligence agencies or agents from employing or posing as "any member of the religious, news media, or academic profession."

Although they supported Moynihan's goal, many of the legislative representatives of these groups feared that this amendment—which, they felt, could not pass and would be vetoed if it did—would trigger an onslaught of hostile amendments that would easily pass. And a defeat of the measure, they warned, would be interpreted as a virtual Government announcement that all American academics, journalists and missionaries were potential C.I.A. agents. No doubt out of deference to these concerns among his supporters, as well as his own sense of the votes, Senator Moynihan withdrew his amendment before it came to a vote, but not before going on record with some stirring rhetoric on behalf of preventing the intelligence agencies from compromising the independence of these professions. Asked by Senator Malcolm Wallop why these three professions were so special, Moynihan replied with feeling that "they go abroad, they probe into the public lives of governments and the private lives of individuals in the way that academicians and journalists and clergymen must." Indeed, Moynihan declared at one point, "if it came to a choice in this body between abolishing the intelligence community and seriously impairing the effectiveness of the American press, there would, I think, be no question about what the national interest would be. The national interest would be in maintaining the effectiveness, such as it is, of the American press."

This was surprising stuff coming from the same Senator who, in January, had introduced a bill that was widely referred to as the C.I.A.'s wish list. Moynihan's bill, S. 2216, would have repealed Hughes-Ryan, largely exempted the intelligence agencies from the Freedom of Information Act and criminalized the naming of intelligence agents—a veritable laundry list of the C.I.A.'s fondest desires. [See George Lardner Jr., "Moynihan Unleashes the C.I.A.," February 16.]

A month after introducing S. 2216, however, Moynihan discovered constitutional difficulties in a section of his bill that would have made it a crime for journalists to disclose the names of intelligence agents or sources, even if the information were unclassified. (Under this provision, the editors of *The Washington Post* could have been indicted for printing the fact that King Hussein of Jordan had been given money by the C.I.A.) In what must rank as one of the most

(Continued on Page 40)

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NOTES & ITEMS.

■ We had thought we could paste a "case closed" label on our Henry Kissinger file, but Freedom of Information Act requests filed by Prof. Sigmund Diamond have turned up new information on *l'affaire* of the purloined student letters. The case began, you may recall, with Professor Diamond's article in *The Nation* of November 10, 1979, which quoted an F.B.I. memorandum describing how, back in 1953, Kissinger reported to the Boston field office that "subversive" literature had been sent to students in an international seminar Kissinger was conducting, a fact he had discovered by opening the students' mail. Kissinger's response to the article was that he did not recall calling up the F.B.I. Diamond's new documents, however, clearly suggest that the F.B.I. called him, and that in the course of an ongoing investigation, Kissinger provided a full roster of his students to the Bureau, among other courtesies. He also "volunteered the information that he has 3 female clerical employees, only one of which [*sic*] has been cleared for top-secret classifications." Query: Why would a Harvard secretary need a top-secret clearance—unless the nature of her employer's work demanded it? Who was running those international student seminars anyway?

■ **Another dry run for Armageddon was provided by American Air Defense Command computers on June 3 and June 6. The computers committed a similar glitch last November [see Christopher Hanson, "Doomsday Option," December 29, 1979] so perhaps they should now be known as the FEW Line, for False Early Warning. As *The Economist* consoled itself in its June 14-20 issue, human beings prevented the errors from getting out of hand. The magazine drew a curious moral from the incident, however. Employing doomsday logic at its most remorseless, *The Economist* argued that the incidents make it all the more urgent for the United States to install its MX missile system. Since the United States has allowed its present land-based missile system to become vulnerable to a Russian first strike, its only defense is to adopt a "launch-on-warning" system. In view of the computers' past record for false alarms, however, this would be "madness." Therefore, *The Economist* concludes, America needs the "invulnerable" MX.**

Yet there is a considerable school of thought holding that the MX is a first-strike counterforce weapon, and that it would give the Soviet Union incentive to adopt a launch-on-warning system of its own since most of its missiles are land-based and could be taken out by MXs. Really—shouldn't we be pondering ways to get the two scorpions out of the bottle?

■ John Beecher died recently in California at the age of 76. Beecher, poet, teacher, activist, was a victim of the McCarthy era who received some vindication in his lifetime. Fired in 1950 from a teaching job at San Francisco State because he refused to sign a loyalty oath, he was reinstated in 1977 after a unanimous vote of the California legislature. Although a new generation of students acclaimed Beecher as a hero, no one offered to compensate him for the lost income of those twenty-seven years. Beecher, a man of star-spangled ancestry (Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe were on his family tree), wrote twelve volumes of poetry; his poetry, like his life, was devoted to the downtrodden. His story reminds us that it is not only in the Soviet Union that dissenters must be "rehabilitated."

■ **The Los Angeles Police Department's "Red squad"—officially known as the Public Disorder Intelligence Division—is drawing fire from civil libertarians after recent revelations that it engaged in spying on Soviet Jewry relief organizations, the Rev. Jesse Jackson and even the Los Angeles City Council, among others. The P.D.I.D. has also reportedly bypassed reforms it had previously agreed to make. Several years ago, with great public show, it shredded 1.5 million file cards containing information on a variety of citizens. Now there is evidence that the data were simply transferred from the cards to other division files. An L.A.P.D. commissioner was supposed to review the department's intelligence activities every six months, but stopped doing so early on.**

■ We live, it is said, in an age that lacks heroes, and the novelist Kurt Vonnegut addressed this shortage during a recent visit to Cornell University, where he matriculated for a time in his youth. Telling the staff of *The Cornell Sun* that he pitied them for "not having any truly great leaders to write about," as was the case when he was a reporter for the paper, Vonnegut proposed:

> We must outlaw television and set an example for our children by worshipping the silver screens and motion-picture palaces every week. We should see moving and talking images of leaders only once a week in newsreels. This is the only way we can get leaders all balled up in our heads with movie stars again.
>
> When I was a freshman here, I didn't know or care where the life of Ginger Rogers ended and the life of General Douglas MacArthur began. The senior Senator from California was Mickey Mouse, who would serve with great distinction as a bombardier in the Pacific during the Second World War. Commander Mouse dropped a bomb right down the smokestack of a Japanese battleship. The captain of the battleship was Charlie Chan. Boy, was he mad.
>
> What a shame that there are so many young people here who never saw J. Edgar Hoover on the silver screen. This was a man fourteen feet high who could not be bribed: Imagine a man who loved this country so much he could not be bribed, except for some minor carpentry on his house. He had absolutely no sex life. You can't imagine such integrity without the magic of the silver screen.

Vonnegut was right. On television news, only anchormen are heroes; that is why Walter Cronkite is the most trusted man in America. It was reported by *The New York Times* that during the recent Venice economic summit, Presidential press secretary Jody Powell, hankering after a late-night bite, was advised to try the Chancellor's dinner at another hotel. Powell automatically assumed that the Chancellor was NBC's John, and hurried on over, only to discover that the midnight supper was being given by Germany's Chancellor Helmut Schmidt. He was turned away at the door.

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(Continued From Page 38)

remarkable turnabouts on record, Moynihan withdrew his support from this section of his bill and even managed to become indignant about it, describing it as "extraordinarily careless of the rights of journalists. . . . And I for one," he righteously concluded, "will have nothing to do with it."

Another part of that same section—one that applied to the release of information identifying intelligence sources by those with authorized access to it (such as former government officials)—escaped his anger. And that is striking, for if that provision had been law in 1978 it might have sent Moynihan himself to jail. In *A Dangerous Place*, which was published in 1978 and which describes his experiences as Ambassador to India and the United Nations, Moynihan caused an international furor by revealing that the C.I.A. had given money to India's Congress Party and that "once it was given to Mrs. Gandhi herself." For this sort of indiscretion Moynihan's bill provided a fine of not more than $50,000 or imprisonment for not more than ten years. Or both.

In the discussions of C.I.A. charter legislation this winter and spring, Senator Moynihan was a strong advocate of Congressional oversight, but he also joined former Director of Central Intelligence James Schlesinger and others in criticizing the proposed charter, S. 2284 (which later shrank to the version passed June 3), as an unwieldy list of do's and don't's unsuitable for a "risk-taking" organization like the C.I.A. It was never clear what don't's he had in mind, however, since the only substantive prohibitions in S. 2284 were bans on assassination and domestic propaganda and a weak ban on the infiltration of media, academic and religious groups. Moynihan's position on this last issue had been consistent at least since July 1978, when he stated in hearings on S. 2525 (the sire of S. 2284) that legislation protecting these groups was unnecessary. In fact, he claimed then, the allegations that they were infiltrated came from "disinformation efforts directed by the K.G.B.," which would "lie about you when this law is passed, too."

Thus, Senator Moynihan surprised many Senate watchers when he identified himself in June with the efforts of academic, religious and media groups to protect themselves from C.I.A. infiltration. And yet Moynihan's amendment was so loosely drafted that it suggests his eye was more on the politics than the substance of the issue. He attempted to make it illegal for any agency of government secretly to "employ any member of the religious, news media, or academic profession," but since the intelligence agencies distinguish between their employees and the agents (or "assets," as they say in the trade) they use, it is quite possible that Moynihan's amendment would have had no effect on the use of clergy, journalists or academics for intelligence purposes.

Moynihan may have changed his mind in the two years since he ridiculed the academics' desire for independence in the hearings on S. 2525. And his transformation, from January author of a C.I.A. wish list that would have put journalists in jeopardy, to June advocate of journalists, academics and clergy may be no more than politics at its best—responding to the forcefully stated concerns of his constituents. Whatever his motives, perhaps the best clue to his behavior can be found in comparisons to the leprechaun, a figure from Irish folklore to which the puckish Senator has often been likened by the press. *Webster's New World Dictionary* defines a leprechaun as "a little old man who can reveal a buried crock of gold to anyone who catches him." Senator Moynihan has revealed several different crocks in his consideration of intelligence legislation, perhaps indicating that he has been caught by several different groups at different times. Now that he has adopted a position that most *Nation* readers will support, their task is to see that he stays caught until these issues are resolved in a comprehensive charter. JOHN S. ROSENBERG AND JAY PETERZELL

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ARTICLES.

PUTTING THE C.I.A. 'RIGHT'

Reagan's Plans For Intelligence

JEFF STEIN

An extraordinary reorganization of U.S. intelligence is in the works if Ronald Reagan is elected President next November. The Reagan blueprint was drawn up by a special intelligence subcommittee of the Republican National Committee in August 1979, but heretofore seems to have escaped detailed attention from the press.

The twelve-page plan, authored by a group of former Central Intelligence Agency officials and military men under the direction of Richard Allen, the Republican candidate's chief foreign policy adviser, appears designed to demote the role of the C.I.A. in strategic intelligence analysis in favor of the military, and contains a key provision creating a special, independent agency for "counter-intelligence and counter-terrorism."

"The need for a comprehensive intelligence charter," the policy paper concludes, "geared not only to present realities, but also to our future national security requirements, dictates that we go back to the drawing board and start anew."

Some of the Allen-Reagan proposals, such as the notion

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of reducing Congressional oversight of the intelligence community to one joint House-Senate committee, parallel Carter Administration proposals. And the Republicans' contentions that there is "confusion and uncertainty about the reliability of the intelligence community's products" and that there is an "overall loss of public confidence, at all levels, in the intelligence community" seem reasonable. But other Reagan proposals reflect the stab-in-the-back mentality of the right wing that has gained momentum in the past two years, notably that the Church Committee findings and Carter-era efforts at reform were "drawn up by a small group of people who seem more bent on an old anti-C.I.A. crusade than in creating an effective intelligence community." Or as retired C.I.A. official Osborne Day, one of the eight members of Allen's intelligence team, told me with disgust in an interview: "Frank Church—when you talk to Frank Church, you might as well be talking directly to the K.G.B. And you can quote me on that."

Herewith the highlights of the Reagan intelligence-reform plan:

§ *Domestic spying.* The plans call for creation of joint C.I.A.-F.B.I. file-keeping on "counter-intelligence and counter-terrorism" in a special section to be created in the Justice Department or in some new independent agency. "Here," the policy paper proposes, "joint teams of officers from both the domestic and foreign intelligence services would lawfully look at the same data."

§ *Checks on the C.I.A.* Right-wingers have always been suspicious of "liberal bias" among C.I.A. analysts who count Russian missiles. To correct that, Allen's team proposed strengthening the role of the Defense Intelligence Agency as a source of "alternative analysis," as well as bringing back the "wise old men" of the Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board or a similar organization to further checkmate the C.I.A.

§ *More covert action.* "The clandestine services have been of inestimable value to our national security," it is contended. "They have performed some of the most important of C.I.A.'s unique functions, and they should be strengthened." To accomplish this, Reagan would create a combined information-collection and counterintelligence agency, to be known as the "Foreign Operations Service," which would be "wholly clandestine."

§ *Mobilize the entire government for intelligence.* The new Foreign Operations Service would have at its disposal every Federal agency, "required to furnish . . . full credentials, working assignments abroad for purposes of 'cover,' and full cooperation." Peace Corps please copy.

§ *Weaken the Freedom of Information Act and the Privacy Acts.* They have had "a definite adverse impact on how law enforcement and intelligence agencies operate, fulfill their responsibilities and protect their own security," the paper states. There has been "grotesque abuse," permitting individuals to stonewall investigators while tying up bureaucrats' valuable time answering information requests on how tax money is spent. The Reagan team proposes only that the acts be subject to "revision and tightening."

§ *Immunity for corporations helping the intelligence agencies.* Say an I.B.M. executive in Latin America is kidnapped by a revolutionary group and charged with being a C.I.A. agent. Let us further assume that he had been volunteered by his boss for a C.I.A. mission. He is killed. His family finds out he was on an intelligence mission and sues. Under the Reagan plan, new laws will provide private companies immunity "in connection with any lawsuit directed against them for permitting intelligence officers to use their activities as 'cover.' " One might suppose this would obtain for breaking and entering on a "legitimate" national security mission as well.

§ *Intelligence czar.* The Reagan team would like to create the position of the President's "chief adviser for intelligence matters, who would serve at *his* [my emphasis] pleasure and should communicate the President's priorities to the intelligence community. He should present to the Congress the President's views of the community's needs," the paper adds, "and should be the community's *sole* [their emphasis] contact with the news media."

In short, it appears that on Reagan and Company's "drawing board" are a number of new wings and annexes to the present intelligence structure—not to mention some secret passageways, to which only the master of the house has the key. Of course, Reagan will need the cooperation of Congress for this ambitious plan. But then the Reagan team wouldn't stake their reorganization plan on the whims of the present Congressional committee systems. They want to create the special joint intelligence committee *first*. From there, it will all be downhill. □

THE OTHER PROLIFERATION

Tritium: Secret Ingredient of The H-bomb

HOWARD MORLAND

Last year, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission authorized the commercial export of enough tritium gas to make several hundred hydrogen bombs. A radioactive form of hydrogen, tritium is produced by the Department of Energy for use in H-bomb components, and a relatively small surplus is marketed through the Oak Ridge National Laboratory in Tennessee. Its chief commercial use is to make paint glow in the dark, but two grams of tritium would be enough to convert a crude plutonium fission bomb into a simple, one-stage

Howard Morland is writing a book, to be published by Random House, on the government secrecy that surrounds nuclear technology. The U.S. Government prevented The Progressive *magazine from publishing his article on the hydrogen bomb for nearly six months.*

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hydrogen bomb. Nearly 1,000 grams were authorized for export during the first nine months of 1979. Because of the possibility that the tritium might be diverted for military purposes, its export in militarily significant quantities contradicts the Carter Administration's nonproliferation policy, a policy that is still in effect, despite the recent controversy over uranium fuel shipments to India.

U.S. exports of tritium are actually on the rise. In response to a recent Freedom of Information Act request, *The Nation* obtained from the Department of Energy a list of export licenses for nuclear "byproduct material" for the past five years. The list shows that the largest shipments authorized last year were destined for South Korea, 208 grams; Mexico, 156 grams; the Philippines, 104 grams; Hong Kong, 104 grams; Switzerland, 83 grams, and Singapore, 78 grams. Tritium makes up the bulk of the byproduct material authorized for export. In terms of radioactivity, tritium accounts for all but three one-hundredths of 1 percent of the exports licensed for the first nine months of last year. The dramatic increase in tritium exports can be clearly traced in the export totals for previous years. During 1978, only 216 grams were licensed for export. In the three years preceding 1978, the amounts were sixty-six grams, less than one gram and two grams, respectively.

The commercial popularity of tritium is due to its unique nuclear and chemical properties. Tritium has a high specific radioactivity, 9,640 curies per gram, which means that a little of it goes a long way. A microscopic amount will supply the radiation necessary to illuminate the dial of a wristwatch. One gram is enough for 50,000 watches, and one and a half grams of the gas can be shipped in a bottle the size of a scuba diver's air tank. It emits "soft" beta rays only—no penetrating gamma rays—and is often said to be less hazardous than its potential competitors on that account. Chemically, tritium is hydrogen, and thus it combines conveniently with plastics, paints and the organic chemicals used in biochemical research.

Tritium does have serious drawbacks, however, even in such routine commercial uses as luminous paints. A major problem is the health hazard. While its radiation is not penetrating, the chemical itself is. No one can handle tritium without absorbing some of it, and once the tritium is inside the body the radiation doesn't need to be penetrating to cause biological harm. One-twentieth of a gram inside the body will deliver an acute lethal dose of ionizing radiation in six hours, and one-billionth of a gram in the body is considered to have a long-range potential of causing cancer. The greatest danger is to those who work with it, but even the wearers of tritium-dial watches have been found to have chronically elevated levels of the element in their body fluids, about ten times the normal background levels.

Tritium's most serious drawback, however, is that it can be used in making hydrogen bombs. Despite the obvious utility of plutonium-239 as nuclear reactor fuel, the Carter Administration has consistently opposed its use in international commerce because of the potential that it might be diverted for use in nuclear weapons production. The sam potential for diversion exists with tritium, although th danger is less than that with plutonium because, although a nuclear weapon *must* contain either plutonium or enriche uranium, tritium is not essential to nuclear weapon con struction. For that reason tritium has never been designate as a special nuclear material, and a "strategic quantity" ha not been defined for export purposes. Nevertheless, tritium is sufficiently useful that it is included in most, if not all, U.S. nuclear weapons; hence the likelihood that overseas shipments could find their way into the weapons labs of countries seeking to join the thermonuclear club.

In order to comprehend why nonnuclear nations might want to acquire tritium, one needs to know certain basic facts about thermonuclear weapons. There are two distinct types: the "boosted" fission bomb and the "superbomb." In the boosted type, the hydrogen fusion process is employed merely to enhance the efficiency of what is otherwise a simple fission explosive similar to the one that destroyed Nagasaki. In the more complicated type, the superbomb, a boosted fission bomb serves as the trigger. It is the first, and smallest, stage in a multistage device that theoretically can be rendered infinitely destructive by the addition of successively larger stages, like hooking up freight cars on a train. Since the second stage of a superbomb can be made to explode with the force of a million tons of TNT, fifty times that generated by the Nagasaki bomb, most American nuclear weapons have only two stages.

The second and subsequent stages of a superbomb each contain a small rod of plutonium-239, or enriched uranium, surrounded by hydrogen fusion fuel. The technical gimmick that allows the first stage to set off the second stage and the second stage to set off the third, and so forth, is known as the Teller-Ulam trick, after its inventors Edward Teller and Stanislav Ulam; it is, in short, "the H-bomb secret." The complexity of the superbomb derives from the difficulty of igniting a large amount of fusion fuel with a small amount of fissile material.

A boosted fission bomb, on the other hand, accomplishes the less difficult task of igniting a quite small amount of fusion fuel with a relatively larger amount of fissile plutonium or uranium. In this ignition process tritium is one of the essential fuels. The fissile material is cast into a hollow sphere, with space in the center for a high-pressure mixture of tritium and deuterium gas. Deuterium is another form of hydrogen, and it is inexpensive and easy to procure. Fusion of the two gases speeds up the fission reaction, making it more efficient.

The development of these differing H-bomb technologies provided an interesting footnote to the history of the McCarthy era, and specifically the fall from official grace of J. Robert Oppenheimer. It was a story that could not be told until the booster principle was declassified in 1974, and former Presidential adviser Herbert York tells it in his 1976 book *The Advisors: Oppenheimer, Teller, and the Superbomb.* According to York, Oppenheimer acquired an undeserved reputation as an opponent of thermonuclear weapons during his 1954 security hearings. His opposition to the

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Teller-Ulam superbomb was cited publicly as one of the reasons for revoking his security clearance. What was omitted, however, because of security regulations, was that Oppenheimer was an enthusiastic champion of the booster and merely opposed the development of the "superbomb." Thus, what was portrayed at the time as a substantive policy debate was actually a dispute over technology and bomb size. Or, as York puts it, the battle was "between moderates and hawks, or perhaps hawks and superhawks. No full-fledged doves . . . were involved for the simple reason that none of them had the necessary security clearances."

Ironically, *Time* magazine had explained how the much simpler booster principle worked in its issue of April 12, 1954, a week before Oppenheimer's security hearing. In a two-page science supplement to a cover article on hydrogen bombs, the following statement appeared under the heading "Fusion Boost":

> Another trick available to researchers is to place in the fissionable core a small amount of highly reactive tritium, perhaps mixed with deuterium. Both the isotopes are light gases, and so they can be highly compressed and confined inside the metal. . . . When the detonator explodes in such a rig the tritium reacts, turning into helium and raising the temperature of the explosion. Such "fusion boosted" detonators are much discussed among hydrogen bomb connoisseurs.

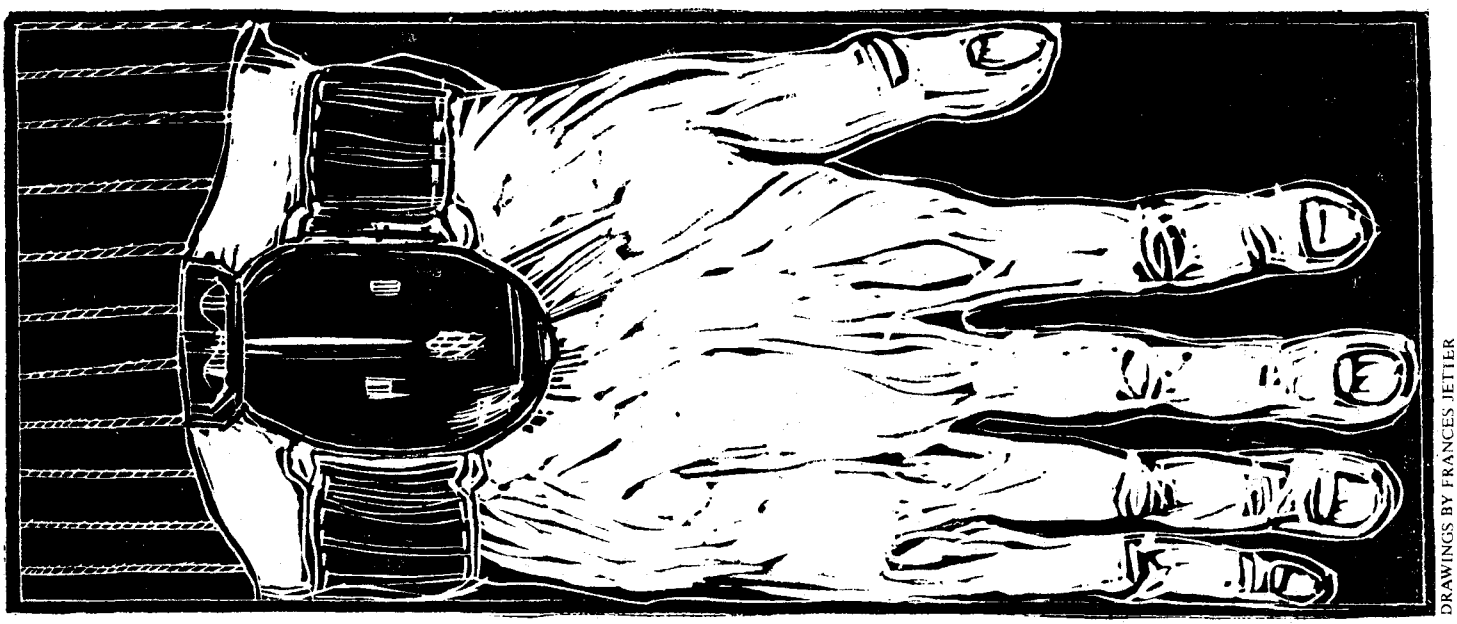
Clearly, the information was no secret to the editors and readers of *Time*, yet it remained classified for another twenty years, until J. Carson Mark gave an authoritative explanation in 1974 in a paper on the history of thermonuclear weapons. "The Booster, or the boosting principle," wrote Mark, "refers to the notion of using a fission bomb to initiate a small thermonuclear reaction with the possibility that . . . the neutrons from this reaction might increase the efficiency of the use of the fissile material."

That increase in efficiency allows a piece of plutonium much lighter than critical mass to be used as the core of a nuclear weapon. The saving in plutonium is unimportant, but the reduction in diameter of the weapon casing is dramatic. The difference between a solid grapefruit of plutonium weighing sixteen pounds and a hollow grapefruit weighing eight pounds and filled with tritium and deuterium gas is the difference between the Fat Man bomb and one the size of Davy Crockett. Both weapons are on display in the National Atomic Museum in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and both had about the same explosive yield. Fat Man, the Nagasaki bomb, is five feet in diameter, and Davy Crockett is the size of a soccer ball.

Small-diameter weapons are suitable for installation as warheads in all kinds of rockets, re-entry vehicles, cruise missiles, torpedoes and artillery shells as well as bombs. On the theory that an enemy is most effectively deterred by a wide variety of highly sophisticated and easily deliverable weapons of mass destruction, small-diameter warheads are clearly more desirable than fat ones.

Boosting also permits the yield of a nuclear weapon to be adjusted just before firing, a selling point that helps to perpetuate the illusion that tactical nuclear weapons can be "surgically" precise rather than indiscriminate and all-destroying. *The Economist* of March 17, 1979, included as one of the three reasons a nation would want to acquire thermonuclear weapons their "greater flexibility as to yield: more or less tritium can be used . . . to give a wide range of yields, which can literally be dialed into the weapon."

Another irony from the past: a major cause of Oppenheimer's troubles was his own personality. He had a talent for making enemies, and one of those enemies was Lewis Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. The dispute between them was directly related to the export of radioisotopes. On June 13, 1949, at a hearing of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy of the U.S. Congress, Strauss opposed such exports, contending that once the isotopes had left the country, the U.S. Government no longer had control over the uses to which they would be put. Oppenheimer heaped scorn on Strauss's concern. "My own rating of the importance of isotopes in this broad sense," Oppenheimer told the legislators, "is that they are far less



DRAWINGS BY FRANCES JETTER

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important than electronic devices and far more important than, let us say, vitamins—somewhere in between." Strauss did not share the laughter in the Senate Caucus Room that followed Oppenheimer's remark. Nor did he come to Oppenheimer's aid five years later when Oppenheimer's loyalty was challenged by the A.E.C.

Now we know that the next nation to enter the nuclear weapons club might well do it with a single-stage hydrogen bomb of the fusion-boosted fission variety, skipping the pure fission category altogether. That is why a meaningful nonproliferation policy should include a ban on exports of gram amounts of tritium in addition to the present ban on kilogram amounts of plutonium. After all, American shipments of tritium to Hong Kong are not accompanied by couriers who make certain that every bottle containing 1.5 grams of tritium goes to a paint factory and not to a clandestine bomb factory.

Tritium is the only thermonuclear fuel that there is any realistic hope of controlling. It is the only one that is radioactive and, at $10,000 a gram, it is the most expensive ingredient in any thermonuclear weapon. Except for nonretrievable quantities inadvertently produced and dispersed by reactors and weapons tests, all the tritium currently produced in the United States comes from buildings 232 and 234-H at the giant Savannah River plant in South Carolina. We would be wise to restrict the entire output of these facilities to our own bloated and still-growing stockpile of doomsday weapons and make the watch-wearers of the world turn on a light to find out what time it is at night. □

Am I a Jew? A Radical's Search For an Answer

PEGGY DENNIS

Synagogues and matzos. These were the two words I got again and again when I asked party and government officials in Leningrad, Moscow, Odessa, Tbilisi and Kishinev about the state of Soviet Jewry after Joseph Stalin's death.

It was the summer of 1961 and I was on a two months' vacation-travel stay in the Soviet Union. I was there not as a tourist or as a member of a delegation but as a privileged guest of the Central Committee. My husband, Gene, had been head of the American Communist Party for a number of years at the time of his death six months earlier. I was a lifetime Communist whose writings had been reprinted in Soviet literary and women's magazines. We had lived in Moscow and worked abroad for the old Comintern in 1930-35, 1937 and 1941. Now I was officially welcomed back, after twenty years, as *nash bryat* (literal translation: our brother; common usage: one of us). I traveled alone with personal interpreter, following itineraries arranged for me by my hosts according to my requests. I asked questions as one of the family, not as an outsider critically inspecting the furniture for dust.

All questions were permissible and answered candidly. Except one. The atmosphere quickly chilled when I asked about Soviet Jews. Each time, I was given the same terse reply: Since Stalin's death, synagogues are open and Passover matzos are available, so there no longer are any problems. Each time, I countered, "But comrades, I have never been in a synagogue in my life and I don't eat matzos. Yet I am a Jew. Surely, there are nonreligious Jews here too. What about their Lenin-defined 'national-in-form, socialist-in-content' ethnic rights?" The subject was politely changed.

I confess that I surprised myself at the time with my rather combative declaration of my Jewishness. For the truth is that, save for a few rare instances in my life when it was forced upon me by external events, I have never felt myself to be a Jew and, until fairly recently, I have not even been interested in the subject. On those occasions when specific circumstances provoked me belligerently to declare my Jewishness, I acted more out of political conviction than ethnic identification.

The most important identifications in my life, from infancy to the present, have been the working-class socialist family I grew up in and the fifty years I spent as a full-time activist in the Communist Party. That the revolutionary ideology I learned as a child came through the Yiddish language was purely incidental, the consequence of growing up in a Jewish politically radical family.

Yiddish was spoken at home because for many years it was the only language Mama and Papa and the aunts and uncles and their émigré friends knew. Later, when school and the Communist children's movement and the Young Communist League became the core of our outside lives, we youngsters responded at home in English to our parents' mixed-Yiddish and English usage. After grandma died, we no longer had to remember the Yiddish we did know. The only newspapers in our home during our growing-up years were first the socialist *Forvetz* (Forward) and then the Communist *Freiheit* (Freedom), not because these papers were Yiddish but because they were the newspapers of the revolutionary movement. In our small living room stood a large oak bookcase with glass doors. On its shelves were the red and green bound volumes of the Yiddish poets and writers. When I was 4 and 5 years old, I recited one of those poems at the weekly meetings of the Jewish radical émigrés. Each week, Papa would select a poem and patiently coach me, explaining the literary Yiddish words in images I could understand. There were two I liked best, because they made me

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cry compassionately. One was a lament of parents at working from dawn to night and not seeing their children awake or hearing their laughter at play. The other was about a child worker at the workbench talking softly to the free-flying bird perched in the sunshine on the windowsill. With tears in their eyes, these radical visionaries listened intently as I, standing on the shaky table in their dreary meeting hall, lisped the words of their beloved poets. To them, however, the Yiddish was only the vehicle; decisive was the universal working-class pathos.

I, my sister, our numerous cousins and the children of the family's émigré friends absorbed early the revolutionary's rejection of all religion. We youngsters sang with gusto the song so popular in our little Red song book:

Long-haired preachers come out every night
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right.
But when asked how 'bout something to eat
They will tell you with voices so sweet:
Work and pray
Live on hay
You'll get pie
in the sky
When you die.

Yet adamant as they were in their anti-religionism, Mama and Papa and the aunts and uncles tolerated the religious beliefs of grandma and grandpa, and we children were taught to respect these differences and never to argue with the old folks. Grandpa had died when I was quite young and remained only a faint memory of sparkling eyes peering above a long gray beard that covered much of his face and of a black cotton yarmulke perched on top of his head. We loved our grandma dearly and never questioned the apparent dichotomy between her observances and ours. This tolerance did not go beyond her, however. From her Passover table we would rush off to the meeting hall where we Young Communists conducted a public Red seder in which we ridiculed the imagery of all religions.

The stories Mama and Papa told of the Old Country were not so much about pogroms against the Jews in the segregated *shtetls* but more about their illegal revolutionary activity against czarism, their first Leninist circles, their life in the prisons, the final escape across the border as political refugees. Not gentile racism but the hunger and the poverty were the emphasis of their stories.

We children scorned both Hanukkah and Christmas. *We* had May First and International Women's Day and November 7, the anniversary of the Russian Revolution. These were meaningful, socially significant milestones on the road to world revolution, the road to the future.

Insulated in the radical community, I experienced no anti-Semitism in that outside world, which actually was limited to school and the Communist children's and youth movements. On the fringes of my social consciousness it was not anti-Semitism but anti-Mexican and anti-Asian discrimination that penetrated my awareness; it was vitriolically inherent in the politics and socioeconomic pattern of California living.

The first time I confronted the problem of my ethnic identification was when I entered junior high school at the age of 11. I remember pondering the question on my registration card that asked for parents' nationality. I knew that Papa and Mama, like their parents before them, were born in Russia and spoke Russian to each other when they didn't want my sister and me to understand them. I knew that Italians came from Italy, Germans from Germany, Poles from Poland and so on. But I knew that my parents, coming from Russia, were not Russians. They were not born in Palestine. They were militantly and demonstratively not of the Judaic religion. Yiddish was their language, but revolutionary politics and not Yiddish culture was their commitment. Yet I knew that they were Jews, and therefore I was. I could not explain why this was so, but I knew we were Jews. My standard reply to all questions on parents' nationality became "Jewish, born in Russia"; and for my own nationality, "Jewish, born in New York City." Each time I wrote those words I knew they were neither an adequate nor accurate definition, but it was my perfunctory concession to that outside world, so alien to my own.

Berlin, 1933: A few weeks before the Hitler takeover. Nazi brown shirts were everywhere, arrogantly stalking and roaming the streets. In my uneasiness I felt I had been transplanted into a weird world dominated by blonds with accusatory blue eyes. My own black hair, olive skin, brown eyes, my non-Aryanness, had suddenly become a threat to my safety. All this was, for me, an unaccustomed personalization of what I knew to be the more ominous political implications in the air.

I was in Berlin on a brief Comintern assignment. By this time I had been a full-time Communist Party activist for eight years. At 16, I had graduated from the Communist children's movement into the Young Communist League and the Communist Party. My husband, Gene, was a Seattle-born Irish-American who was also abroad on his separate international activity for the Comintern. We had a 4-year-old son back in Moscow, whose name, Tim, was too Anglicized for my aunts and uncles when we gave it to him at his birth in Los Angeles in 1929. They dubbed him Timofei, a throwback not to the Jewish but the Russian influence in their own lives.

When I arrived in Berlin and met my German contacts in secluded park areas or, infrequently, in "safe" apartments, our instantaneous political camaraderie was enhanced by our laughing efforts to communicate through their hesitant, groping English and my hesitant, groping childhood Yiddish. On the street and in restaurants we talked in lowered voices: Then one day my new friends nervously instructed me: "*Gottes Himmel*, talk only English. Don't use your Yiddish anywhere anymore. Not with us, not in your hotel, not anywhere. Talk only English. For your sake and for ours." What had made for playful banter between persons whose real bond was our common identity as Communists had become a source of danger. They were German. I had become a Jew. An angry but frightened and silenced Jew.

Hitler's war machine began to roll over Central Europe; Mussolini moved into Africa; Japan invaded China. Power-

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ful mass organizations were destroyed. The master plan to destroy the Jewish people was being perfected.

Back in the United States, I worked as a full-time Communist activist in Wisconsin and later in New York and Washington, D.C., deeply involved in anti-Fascist coalition-building. In conversations with strangers and from the speaker's platform, I also belligerently identified myself as a Jew. For a brief time I wore a small Star of David. Overcoming my lifelong aversion to religious imagery, I imbued that symbol with a different meaning. If Hitler was forcing Jews to wear this identity badge, then, I declared, brand me too, for *Ich bin eine Jude.*

The war years, which I spent first in Moscow and then back again in New York, melded into the cold-war years and the nightmare of McCarthyism. My husband was one of its immediate victims and spent five years in Federal prison. I joined the small but persistent fight-back movement.

Our Jewish comrades were pleased when, during this time, I enrolled our second son, 9-year-old Gene, in the secular, progressive Yiddish *shul.* I had to admit that my motive was being misinterpreted. With his father in prison, my child, growing up in the shadow of McCarthyism, needed the positive experience of being accepted by his peers outside my own hectic, stressful sphere.

Yet I did feel a fleeting, bemused pleasure at exposing our thoroughly Anglicized son to that vague other half of his heritage. In the past I had often been irritated by my husband's prideful emphasis on his Irish origins, a pride he and our friend Elizabeth Gurley Flynn shared and often expressed in teasing banter when we were together. At those times I felt resentful that my parents had not instilled in me some knowledge of our family's ethnic origins. I could give my son only a sense of my family's revolutionary heritage in contrast to my husband who had his own impressive Communist commitment, *plus* his Irish pride. Not that these matters weighed heavily on me. They were fleeting thoughts that were quickly dispelled by our larger political concerns.

We Communists emerged from the McCarthyite storm to be thrust immediately into a different crisis. We were confronted with the official Soviet revelations about the twenty-five years of social-political crimes attributed only to Stalin. Buried away in Nikita Khrushchev's speech to the Party Congress were references to Stalin-inspired anti-Semitism and accounts of frame-ups, selective persecutions and the murder of Soviet Jews *because they were Jews.*

Like a sleeping lion, my deeply buried inner core of Jewishness stirred again, this time in greater shock and horror than ever before. For these persecutions had occurred not in my own capitalist country nor Hitler's Germany; they had taken place in the Soviet Union—the mecca of my life's political commitment. This stirring was immediately engulfed, however, by the broader ideological ramifications of the cathartic debate that tore apart our party and the whole international Communist movement. The Jewish question was only one of many challenges that confronted our re-evaluations of the theoretical precepts by which we had lived and worked all our lives. I admired the tenacity and boldness with which the staff of the daily *Freiheit*, led by its editor, Paul Novick, relentlessly pursued the subject of Soviet Jewry—and continued to do so from a critical socialist stance, not an anti-Soviet one.

Shortly after my return home in August 1961 from the two-months' stay in the Soviet Union, I joined the staff of the Communist Party's West Coast weekly newspaper, *People's World.* As foreign editor for the next eight years, I wrote periodically on the Middle East crisis.

I had long ago lost the naïve belief of my childhood in a single international Soviet that would enfold the entire human race. Like my party, I had become more appreciative of the differences among peoples—religion, race, national aspirations. And since 1935, I had enthusiastically participated in activities that extended the outstretched hand of cooperation (united front, people's front, coalition-building) to all diversity within the world on the basis of specific social programs and common immediate goals. I confess it was easier for me to understand and accept the powerful nationalism emanating from the emerging states of Africa and Asia than the flare-ups of nationalist tensions among the socialist countries after Stalin's death.

In my weekly articles on international affairs I had no difficulty defending Israel's right to nationhood, even though I felt no personal emotionalism or ethnic bonds with that capitalistic state. I was repelled by the fact that the Holocaust victims had built their nation at the expense of the national interests of the Palestinians. I could not accept the claim, in Israel and here in the United States, that only the Jews and not the Palestinians had the right to achieve their nationhood by any means necessary.

My eight months' stint in 1965-66 as foreign correspondent for *People's World* coincided with the wave of liberalization that swept over the socialist countries following the 1956 social upheavals in Poland, Germany and Hungary. It was this that I came to explore. Everywhere I went, everyone I interviewed talked freely of past mistakes, new problems and creative solutions. Even in Moscow, where the official stance was more circumspect, off-the-record discussions with young party ideologists were exciting. For the first time I heard openly within the Soviet context the labels "liberals" and "conservatives" and talk of differences within the inner circles.

In 1972 I returned to Moscow and found a totally different political climate. The Prague Spring had been crushed by Soviet tanks. A few protesting stalwarts in Red Square were arrested and later imprisoned. Those who did not raise their hands in approval at open meetings held in factories and institutes lost their jobs or were demoted. The *samizdat* network was flourishing. Jews queued not for food but for emigration visas. Dissidents were being arrested not only in Moscow but in faraway towns and regions. A cautious conservatism pervaded personal relations. My friends were friendly and considerate as always. But political discussion of anything was avoided. When I persisted, once exhilarating thinkers parroted stereotyped official opinions. Old Stalinist views, once vehemently rejected, had resurfaced.

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And something totally new had appeared. The personal conversations of these bright, young party activists were punctuated with casual anti-Semitic remarks and jokes. The very casualness with which they were told indicated these comments had become ordinary. I sat stunned. I protested. My attempts to provoke Marxist discussion of the horrible significance of what I heard were met with shrugs. Some now became guarded in my presence. Others stayed away. Compulsively, I flaunted my Jewishness. Long-forgotten Yiddish words appeared in my conversation. I told stories of my parents' *shtetl* life in Old Russia, emphasizing now the pogroms and anti-Semitism. My every word now proclaimed: see, the acceptable *nash bryat* Communist is a Jew.

In contrast, I actively sought out other friends of my Soviet past. They were along in years, these men and women, retired, outside the ideological echelons of the new establishment. Most of them were "accidental" Jews, lifetime internationalist Communists by choice and commitment. I asked them the questions that were now disturbing me.

One recounted her seventeen years in a Stalin labor camp and revealed the scars on her back, abdomen and thighs, souvenirs of beatings during interrogations. Others spoke of the reappearance of anti-Semitism in their daily lives. "Little" incidents—a verbal insult on the bus, being spat on in the shop queue, a racial slur in the communal kitchen. Why now? They didn't know. Perhaps the current anti-Israeli foreign policy of the Soviet Government. Perhaps a tightening-up after the brief Khrushchev thaw.

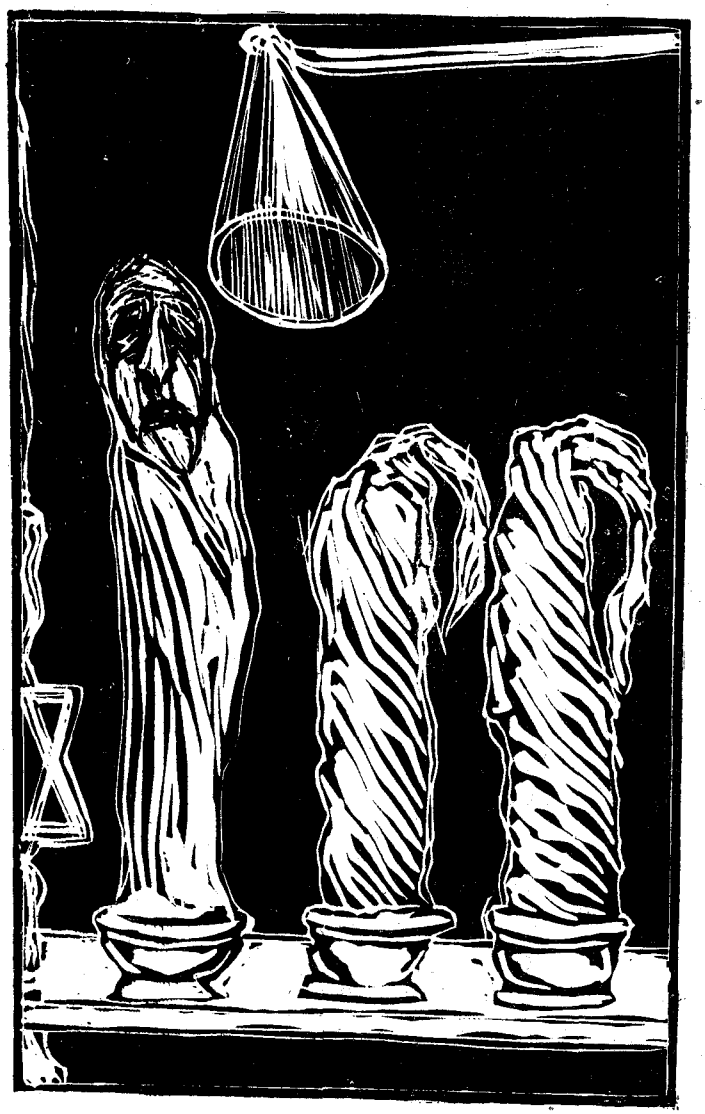
Incredulous, I protested: "There is a law here against anti-Semitism; haven't you filed specific complaints?" "Officially, anti-Semitism does not exist in our country," one of my friends explained. "If you charge it does and that you are a victim of it, you will be threatened with the 'slander of the Soviet Union' law." Another added: "And as long as officially there is no anti-Semitism, there can be no ideological and educational campaign against it."

As was my custom, I roamed the streets of Moscow, often riding the crowded buses, sometimes alone, sometimes with one friend or another. On two separate occasions, my friend and I were shoved roughly and shouted at. When I asked my friend what was wrong, the reply was, "They say we should go to Israel where we belong." Whether it was our so-called "Jewish" looks, or our foreign English speech that was assumed to be Yiddish, I don't know.

There are no ghettos in the Soviet Union. No pogroms. The assimilated, "good" Russianized Jews hold positions in industry and the professions. There are no official quotas, although one evening across the dinner table I heard two heads of research institutes agree they wanted "no more of *that kind*" on their staffs. To make the reference more explicit, the remark was accompanied with a gesture of the hand describing the hooked-nose caricature.

I left Moscow depressed and disturbed. My agitated thoughts were not so much those of a Jew but those of a Communist. All my life, for the sake of the ultimate good, I had, like others, eulogized only the achievements of Soviet society—the visible economic growth, the tangible improved living standards, the security of jobs and health care, the Soviet role in furthering détente and peaceful coexistence, the only possible road to world survival. Now the Big Issues had been reduced to glimpses of everyday life—the widening gap in power and material well-being between the elite at the apex and the majority at the base; the cynical acceptance of the dichotomy between the political cliché and the social reality; the rise of an officially tolerated anti-Semitism sixty-three years after the revolution. Were these contradictions in Soviet society inevitable? I could not believe that.

Back home, I began to read data and facts emanating from the Soviet Union with a more critical eye, yet it would be some time before I could even cautiously write of what I had seen and felt. Again and again I read of books and articles published in the Soviet Union which fabricated historical fact, twisted interpretations and propagated the worst canards of anti-Semitism. I recognized in this ongoing barrage the official legitimization of the anti-Semitism I had witnessed in Moscow. In 1978, I wrote an article on these Soviet writings, in which I pointed out that all Soviet media are Government and party controlled, that an official *glavlit* (censor) at each institution and publishing house initials the contents of everything published and that nothing is published "accidentally" or as an expression of "independent" views, particularly on sensitive subjects.



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Here at home, local Ku Klux Klan groups and the American Nazi storm trooper party emerged within the mainstream of the Carter Administration's shift to the right. From Long Island to San Francisco, synagogues are desecrated. Jewish bookstores are bombed and burned. Blacks are killed legally by trigger-happy police and sniped at in the dark of night. Swastikaed Hitlerites and white-hooded Klansmen hold public rallies and marches, calling for the physical annihilation of Jews and blacks to preserve the white race.

Less dormant in recent years, my old Jewishness stirs again. Yet, as in the past, it is quickly channeled into political rather than ethnic responses. I read and listen in almost cynical amusement as liberals, leftists and Communists debate the First Amendment rights of racists. And, legally, the Federal civil rights of Jews and blacks are violated only after the Klansmen and Nazis succeed in shooting or killing them, not before. Even then, the victim has to prove in court that the attempt was racially motivated.

I still have never been inside a synagogue. I still do not like matzos. I still have no ethnic affinity with Israel and am more critical than ever of the Israeli Government, Jewish though it may be. I now know less Yiddish than I did as a child. I know no more of Yiddish literature, culture or history than I ever did. I still am not clear why I am, but I know I am a Jew.

Eugene Debs wrote, defining his personal and social credo: "While there is a lower class, I am in it. While there is a criminal element, I am of it. While there is a soul in prison, I am not free." I guess the answer to my confusion over my ethnicity lies in adding one further phrase to Debs's words: While anti-Semitism and ethnic discrimination exist anywhere, I am a Jew. □

Energy

(Continued From Front Cover)

"This is the major uncovered story in the world. Anyone who has seriously gone after gas has found it. All sorts of new fields are being opened up, with 20 million to 30 million cubic feet a day coming on stream," said a respected researcher who spent more than a year tracking down the natural gas story.

The man is right. Serious, large-scale drilling of deep natural gas wells did not begin until 1979, and, in a matter of months, new fields with seemingly limitless potential have been developed. Estimates now considered ultraconservative hold that we have sufficient natural gas supplies to last for at least 100 years. The U.S. Geological Survey's assessment of the reserves of the Gulf Coast alone would mean that we have potential resources to last for 1,150 years.

What, then, becomes of the much-trumpeted energy "crisis"? It is clearly the product of propaganda. While there are undeniably serious problems, these have been blown out of all proportion by scare techniques, and it will be the purpose of this and subsequent articles to restore perspective and challenge the conventional wisdom.

That wisdom, as reflected in President Jimmy Carter's alarmist cries, demands radical sacrifices that would lower the standard of living for most Americans. Conservation is to be forced upon us by ever-higher petroleum prices that fuel ever-higher inflation. The only perceived solutions: nuclear power if it can be made safer; a ten-year, multi-billion-dollar coal gasification program; more use of coal for generating electricity despite possible environmental hazards; some long-distance, halfhearted reliance on gasohol and solar energy. The script projects a 2-million-barrel-a-day reduction in petroleum imports by 1990. In other words, it would leave us for the next ten years the helpless captives of the price whims of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries—and even at the end of that time, we would not be completely liberated from the rapacious appetites of these petroleum buccaneers.

There are a number of solutions available to an America willing to use all its natural and technological resources, but the quickest and best is the solution that has been ignored in all of established wisdom's scripts—natural gas. It is the cleanest, cheapest and most abundant fuel resource in the nation, and its greater use could do more to slash petroleum imports than all President Carter's high-price maneuvers. Carter's proposed 10-cent-a-gallon tax on gasoline, it was claimed, would have reduced imports from OPEC by 100,000 barrels a day. That is like spitting in the wind.

In contrast, consider the potential savings gained through greater use of natural gas. The Department of Energy's figures for 1979 show that residential and commercial uses of petroleum, mainly for heating and cooking, totaled 29.526 quads (a quad represents 1 trillion B.T.U.s, or British Thermal Units, of energy). Each quad eats up some 653,163 barrels of crude oil. In other words, these 29.526 quads represent approximately 19,285,290 barrels of oil. The industrial sector consumes another 28.791 quads—or an additional 18,805,215 barrels of oil. A grand total of 38,090,505 barrels. As the Hudson Institute has pointed out, "Oil or gas used as industrial fuels can easily be switched. . . . Thus there is much room today to use more gas and less oil, or vice versa. . . . Moreover, gas can be converted to liquid fuels [for transportation, which consumes another 19.777 quads] if necessary. . . ."

The potential of natural gas is obvious. Granting that a complete switch from oil to gas is out of the question, any large-scale alteration of usage would save literally millions of barrels of oil. Major pipelines deliver gas to most sections of the nation; in residential, commercial and industrial areas, street-line delivery systems were installed long years ago. Thousands of homeowners converted to natural gas last year because gas heat costs about half as much as oil.

Fred J. Cook, a regular contributor to The Nation, *won the Newspaper Guild of New York 1980 "Page One" Award for Crusading Journalism for his recent series of articles on energy issues. Research support for this article was provided by the Fund for Investigative Journalism.*

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The switching has been limited in some sections by temporary shortages of gas and by a demand so great that suppliers literally ran out of gas boilers and conversion units. Common sense says that, with abundant supplies now coming on line and with furnace units available, further large-scale conversions should be encouraged. If even half of those residential-commercial-industrial quads could be saved, there would be some 19 million barrels of oil we would not have to import.

Yet, such is the myopic vision of energy planners and the Carter Administration that natural gas has remained for years a resource that virtually didn't exist. The petroleum-centered vision of an America accustomed for decades to relying on cheap oil has helped to put blinkers on the eyes of even sophisticated planners, and the decisions of the Carter Administration have been consistently molded by a Department of Energy dominated by Big Oil interests to whom petroleum and the maximization of profits represented the only true goals. [See Cook, "Big Oil's Washington Subsidiary," *The Nation*, December 29, 1979.]

Carter's austerity program with its emphasis on reduced usage and conservation forced by higher prices had its genesis, informed insiders say, in a Ford Foundation report, *A Time to Choose*, published in 1974. Certainly, many aspects of the Carter program parallel recommendations of that report. The Ford report emphasized the importance of conservation through better insulation of existing structures, more efficient heating and cooling systems, better automobile mileage. But it went far beyond these recommendations. Its favorite scenario called for Zero Energy Growth through the rest of the century. If achieved, the Ford analysts wrote, ZEG "will most likely be as a consequence of several energy-related social concerns. *Policies adopted in response to these concerns—if sufficiently stringent—will raise the cost of energy and limit its availability sufficiently for energy consumption to level off.*" (Italics added.) Carter's energy program has followed this script almost to the letter.

In the Ford Foundation-Carter scenario, petroleum represented the entire problem. The Ford report dismissed alternative sources of energy, and virtually no consideration was given to natural gas supplies except for the passing observation that we might be able to import more from Mexico and Canada.

Some of the nation's most eminent geologists and wildcatters, "earth men" who knew what the land held, tried to tell the nation differently. They were either ignored if they were in the private sector—or fired if they spoke out of turn while employed by the Government.

"The Department of Energy people are still dead-set against natural gas," Dr. Jones says. "But it is the difference between the United States going down the drain for $100 billion a year, which is what we will be paying OPEC next year, or developing our own resources." The Congressional Budget Office put the figure at $145 billion a year by 1985.

The historical record supports Dr. Jones's charge of an Administration animus toward any expert who tried to call attention to the natural gas alternative. After making that 1977 speech in Boston calling attention to our abundance of natural gas, Dr. McElvay, then director of the U.S. Geological Survey, suddenly became "too old" for Federal employment—and was fired.

A similar fate befell Dr. Charles Knudsen, another highly regarded geologist and a man who had spent several years in the service of the Exxon Corporation before joining the Federal energy establishment in 1974. In January 1977, he received a $500 award and a certificate "in recognition of consistently outstanding performance and noteworthy achievements" and was appointed to head a scientific team to make a "Market-Oriented Program Planning Study" (otherwise known as MOPPS). The object was to determine just how plentiful energy resources were within the United States.

In February 1977, while Dr. Knudsen and his team were working on MOPPS, Energy Secretary James R. Schlesinger and his deputy, John O'Leary, were making speeches peddling the Carter Administration's line that the nation's energy well would soon run dry. "Proven reserves" of natural gas were put at some 237 trillion cubic feet; annual consumption was running at 20 trillion cubic feet—meaning that in a little more than ten years, our gas reserves would be nearly exhausted, along with our petroleum supplies. At the same time, Dr. Knudsen was concluding—in what other experts considered a most conservative estimate—that the nation had some 500 trillion cubic feet of gas available, enough to last well past the year 2000. There was a caveat to even such figures. Experience has demonstrated that these reserves estimates have been much too low. By the time gas wells were truly exhausted, they had invariably produced 50 percent more gas than they had been supposed to contain. Assuming that such experience should hold true in the future, Dr. Knudsen's 500 trillion figure might end up as 750 trillion cubic feet of gas.

Dr. Knudsen's findings were not received with joyous handsprings in Dr. Schlesinger's Energy Department. First, an effort was made to "water down" Knudsen's gas prediction curves. This didn't succeed very well, so the Stanford Research Institute was hired to make another study, one financed, incidentally, by the Gulf Oil Corporation. The S.R.I. survey dropped the natural gas estimate to a more conservative level. Later, Dr. Knudsen testified before a U.S. Senate committee that he could never get access to the data on which the S.R.I. report was based, and was told that such information was "proprietary."

This was the situation on Friday, April 15, 1977. President Carter had already scheduled what some Senators were later to call his Chicken Little "the skies are falling" speech for the following Monday, and so Dr. Knudsen was summoned to what became known as the "wire-brushed" meeting in the Energy Department. In plain words, he was raked over the coals and summarily fired as the director of MOPPS. The man who had been so signally honored for his "outstanding" achievements in January had become *persona non grata* by mid-April.

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The experiences of Dr. McElvay and Dr. Knudsen are not just bits of obscure history. The record of the Carter Administration is one of quietly executed "Saturday Night Massacres." Federal employees and skilled researchers on Congressional committees who have tried to expose fallacies in the Administration's crisis-high-price scenarios have been ruthlessly and systematically forced out of their jobs. Nothing must be allowed to interfere with a policy that promotes ever-higher petroleum prices, victimizing the average American with soaring inflation and fattening the bulging coffers of Big Oil with ever-increasing, multibillion-dollar profits. The interloper who proclaims a cheaper and plentiful alternative is not welcomed at this party.

Dr. Jones, who spent nearly thirty years with the U.S. Geological Survey, says that there is great pressure from the Department of Energy to water down the figures on natural gas resources. "The real numbers don't appear in the Potential Gas Committee's report," Dr. Jones declares. "They show an increment of 1.7 trillion cubic feet in Louisiana last year, but the figures I get show an increment of 50 trillion cubic feet in the Tuscaloosa Trend alone. The whole subject is looked upon as a threat to the price structure. The synfuel program would go down the drain if they produced this."

Just what is the Tuscaloosa Trend? It is a belt in the Gulf of Mexico 120 miles long and 40 miles wide, running along the Texas and Louisiana coasts from the Rio Grande to the Florida Panhandle. It is an area that contains fantastic amounts of natural gas in two principal zones. Free gas is found in domes close to the surface, within 2,000 or 3,000 feet; but the real bonanza, according to Jones and other experts, lies in deep geopressured zones some 8,000 to 18,000 feet below the Gulf's waters. At these depths, sediments laid down in geologic times have decomposed under enormous pressures ranging from 6,000 to 15,000 pounds per square inch and at temperatures ranging from 230 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit. Methane, the principal ingredient of natural gas, forms and mixes with the briny waters in these deep-down aquifers.

In the past, oil companies whose major preoccupation was finding petroleum tapped only the gas in the upper domes, and when these filled with water as the gas was removed, they simply moved on to new, easily tapped sites. As geologist Oscar Strongin told the House Subcommittee on Energy and Power in 1977, the petroleum industry viewed the deeper, geopressured zones "primarily as curiosities while it has gone about its business of finding and developing conventional deposits of natural gas." Yet, Dr. Strongin added, "All of the investigations of the geopressured zones of the Gulf Coast virtually unanimously agree that it potentially contains resources that can contribute materially to our natural gas supplies." He added that, in some areas, sediments were 50,000 feet thick. This "potential" of three years ago is now being translated into reality. Much of this change can be traced to the work of Dr. Jones.

"The trouble with conventional thinkers," Jones says, "is that they don't understand hydrology." He explain that, in the past, standard wisdom concerning drilling a ga cap required that pressure below the cap be maintained s water would not invade the well. When so much gas ha been removed that this pressure could not be sustained water flooded in and wells were abandoned. Jones believe that only a fraction of the gas contained in such wells ha been retrieved. He was convinced that water should b pumped from deep aquifers in enormous quantities as swift ly as possible. This rapid reduction of pressure would resul in an upward rush of gas bubbles mixed with brine. In some instances, the gas would free itself from water completely and refill the gas cap or form a new cap.

These theories made sense to Ernie Geer and Harold Cook, two experts for the Transco Energy Company in Houston. Their experience, backed up by computer studies, led them to a startling conclusion: pumping out 100,000 barrels of water a day would yield 15 million cubic feet of gas, three times the original daily output of the abandoned gas wells. Transco, which was having trouble keeping its gas pipelines filled in 1976, took out patents for the Geer-Cook process. (Significantly, in April 1979, Exxon took out a similar patent, citing the work of Dr. Jones.)

Transco formed a subsidiary, Transco Exploration Company, and poured $900 million into the Geer-Cook process for reviving abandoned wells and for offshore exploration. Initially, in the start-up period, the exploration company accumulated only red ink, but the first quarter of 1980 marked a dramatic turnaround. Transco Exploration's production soared to 160 million cubic feet of gas a day and nearly 11,000 barrels of oil. Transco president W. J. Bowen estimated that, by the end of the year, production would be "300 million cubic feet of gas and 11,000 barrels of oil daily."

Transco now has seventeen fields in full production, with seven more expected to come on line before year's end. The company ended 1979 with 6 trillion cubic feet of proven reserves; it expects to deliver 24 percent more gas through its pipelines this year—and still enter 1981 with a sizable increase in its proven reserves. Geer is convinced that the full potential of the Gulf area is not being realized. He told the Seventh Energy Technology Conference in Washington this spring: "Evidence shows that many geopressured wildcat wells are being plugged, and that geopressured watered-out gas reservoirs are being abandoned that could produce substantial quantities of natural gas. Data from private as well as publicly funded . . . studies and tests give such indications."

The Transco experience is only one of many. The evidence from current drilling suggests that the best may be yet to come. The Hudson Institute concluded that "we do have the solid information that many gas reservoirs at depths below 22,000 feet have been found along the Gulf Coast suggesting, therefore, that up to those depths, at least, the brines are likely to be fully saturated." Current deep-drilling techniques penetrate to only about 30,000 feet. What might result if improved technology could enable drillers to penetrate those 50,000-foot layers of sediments that Dr. Strongin

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says exist in the Gulf? The Hudson Institute suggests that, as pressure and heat increase with depth, the lower levels may be not just saturated with methane but "even super-saturated." The institute called this an "optimistic scenario," but one that cannot be discounted for the future.

Abundant supplies of natural gas, however, do not depend on such a theoretical future. They are available now, because gas fields whose potential may rival the enormous resources of the Tuscaloosa Trend are being opened up throughout the West and Southwest. The deep Anadarko Basin of Oklahoma and Texas is just one example.

Bob Heffner and Bill Dutcher, of the GHK Company, Oklahoma City, have been deep-drilling in the Anadarko since the early 1970s. Heffner estimates that the Anadarko Basin alone contains more natural gas reserves than the figures conventionally used for the entire United States. Deep-drilling has proven out 3 trillion cubic feet of reserves—and only 2 percent of the deep sediments stretching across this wide basin have been tested. The Natural Gas Act of 1978, which lifted ceilings on gas produced below 15,000 feet, has touched off an energy rush around the basin. Where previously deep-drilling had been left largely to the independent wildcatters, majors like Exxon and Chevron, assured of higher prices, have rushed in to garner their share of the gas bonanza. "Housing is at a premium; there is no unemployment; everything is booming like in the old gold-rush days," Dutcher says.

So much gas is being discovered in wells on the shallower edges of the basin—and in other wells going down to 15,000 feet—that *Oil and Gas Journal*, the bible of the industry, confesses it would be impossible to pinpoint them all on a map. And so it has confined itself to locating the deep wells that now speckle the entire area like a rash. Natural gas exists in the Anadarko in such quantities that normal wildcatting hazards have been all but eliminated. The usual odds that give a wildcatter one chance in ten of striking it rich don't hold in the Anadarko. "Overall, during the 1970s, about 60 percent of all the wells we drilled below 15,000 feet were producers," Dutcher says. "In the last two years, we've drilled twenty deep wells, bringing in fifteen producers. We haven't hit any real barn-burners yet, but we have developed some real strong producers. These wells will produce anywhere from 1 million to 5 million cubic feet a day, and they'll produce for the next twenty or thirty years—at a gradually decreasing rate, of course."

In the Anadarko, Dutcher says, drillers have what he calls "a bail-out effect." He explains that GHK's deepest well was sunk to 31,441 feet in 1973. It didn't find gas at that depth, but as the drilling equipment was brought back up the well hole, productive gas was discovered at higher levels. Summing up, Dutcher says: "The independents and the big national companies will still be drilling the Anadarko twenty to thirty years from now. We're real excited at the way things are going."

He is not the only one. Once-sleepy villages located in the so-called Overthrust Belt that runs along the Rocky Mountains from Colorado to Wyoming have become boom towns. Discovery after discovery in recent years has convinced veterans of the drilling game that the Overthrust Belt contains tremendous resources of oil and gas—but especially of natural gas. Like the Tuscaloosa Trend and the Anadarko, it has been only partially explored.

The Overthrust Belt was formed aeons ago when the Rockies themselves heaved up above the Western landscape. In the process, layers of rock thrust outward, overlying and crushing lower levels where oil and gas-rich sediments formed. For centuries, this potentially rich lode was overlooked, but with the development of new seismic techniques for studying lower strata in the earth, interest perked up. In 1975, American Quasar Oil Company of Fort Worth hit big pay dirt in the Pineview Field near Coalview, Utah. Geologists say that a wildcatter considers himself the world's luckiest man if he hits oil-bearing strata 100 feet thick. Quasar's Pineview Field had 450 feet loaded with oil

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and gas. Even richer was the Painter Reservoir, discovered by Chevron in southern Wyoming in 1977. It has strata 300 feet thick loaded with oil, topped by almost 700 feet of natural gas.

The discoveries go on and on. Anschutz Corporation, a Denver-based independent, brought in one gas well that produced 34 million cubic feet a day. Amoco Production, a subsidiary of Standard Oil of Indiana, teamed up with Chevron in Whitney Canyon in southern Wyoming—and hit a gas-laced column 4,500 feet thick. Such a find seemingly dwarfs Alberta's Waterton Field, considered by geologists "a monster." Amoco continues to strike it rich in the Overthrust Belt. In early June, it announced that a wildcat well in northeastern Utah had produced an enormous flow rate, indicating an entirely new field had been found. Three productive zones in the new well in the so-called Cave Creek Field were flowing at the rate of 40 million cubic feet a day—enough to supply 123,000 American homes with all the energy needed for heating, cooking and hot water. This announcement followed by a day Amoco's disclosure that a new development well in the Whitney Canyon Field in Wyoming was flowing at the rate of 16.3 million cubic feet a day. The enormous potential of such discoveries may be better appreciated when it is realized that a well flowing at the rate of 4 million cubic feet a day is considered a very large and profitable well, indeed.

The enormous volume of gas coming on line from all these Overthrust discoveries has induced the Sante Fe Pipeline Company, a subsidiary of Santa Fe Industries, to announce plans to spend between $70 million and $75 million to build a natural gas pipeline into Utah and Wyoming to bring the Overthrust output into its distribution system. The pipeline is scheduled for completion by January 1, 1982.

The possibilities may not be limitless but they seem to be forever expanding. Until 1979, no oil or gas had ever been discovered in Oregon. But on May 2, 1979, Northwest Natural Gas Company and two partners announced the completion of a productive gas well in the Mist region of northwest Oregon. Before the end of the year, the combine had completed four other wells, tapping the resources of three separate gas reservoirs. These were all highly productive wells, discovered at shallow depths of only 2,500 to 3,000 feet. Additional development wells are being drilled to take full advantage of the resources of the Mist Field.*

As should be clear from this account, the nation has enormous natural gas resources currently available, with the prospects that even larger amounts will come on stream in the next few years as the indubitably rich sediments of areas like the Tuscaloosa Trend, the Anadarko and the Overthrust Belt are more fully probed. There are immense amounts of natural gas that can flow to the lower forty-eight states from Alaska's North Slope as soon as pipeline connections can be made. This is the certainty. More speculative, but not to be ignored, are other possibilities for the future. Geologists, using new seismic techniques, believe that an Overthrust Belt similar to the Rockies' runs along the entire length of the Appalachians. They know that the waters under Lake Erie contain large gas deposits because Canadians have drilled wells on their side of the lake. The American side has remained untouched because of controversies over environmental issues. The evidence mounts that productive gas wells have been discovered in deep-drilling off the New Jersey coast. Although the companies involved have kept a tight lid on information, a spokesman for the New Jersey Department of Energy recently estimated that construction of a gas pipeline to bring this new bounty ashore might be started in the next six months.

Developments of the past two years have clearly vindicated Doctors McElvay, Knudsen and Jones, the pioneering experts who tried to tell the nation we have so much natural gas that we do not have to remain prisoners of OPEC. All of the evidence indicates that massive shifts in the use of gas in the commercial-residential-industrial sectors of the economy could be made; even that some electric plants could be fueled with gas instead of imported, high-priced oil. Natural gas, obviously, is the quickest and best alternative to OPEC.

Other problems remain. The major one involves the enormous consumption of gasoline and diesel fuels in our transportation system. But here, too, are alternatives. We are now venting into the air and wasting products that could be turned into alcohol mixtures—methane from coal shafts that could be turned into methanol for cars; ethylene, a gaseous product in all oil refining, that could easily be transformed into ethyl alcohol ready for mixing with unleaded gasoline. Surplus farm products and wastes can also be transformed into such gasoline-supplementing substances, as Brazil has done for years, and the carburetors of American cars, without alteration, can run on a 20 to 25 percent mixture instead of the current 10 percent gasohol. [See Cook, "Gasohol—A 100-Proof Solution," *The Nation,* April 21, 1979.] Such change by itself could save the 25 percent in gasoline consumption that a recent Harvard University study declared is essential. The way lies clearly before us, but there are, of course, roadblocks—mainly those thrown up by the Carter Administration, which has refused to consider any alternative except forced conservation through high prices and a synfuels program that is ten years off, and the obstructionist tactics of the all-powerful petroleum industry, which frowns on alcohol competition from a swath of independent entrepreneurs whom it views as threats to its dominance and its bloated profits. These are issues that will be discussed in another article. □

*More natural gas fields are being discovered and opened up at a pace that makes it difficult to keep up with developments. On June 12, Tenneco announced the discovery of three more natural gas tracts in the Gulf of Mexico, two off the Texas coast and one off the Louisiana coast. Tenneco said development programs were being planned for all three tracts.

On June 19, Conoco reported a gas discovery in the Gulf off the Louisiana coast. No flow rate was announced, but Conoco said it plans to install a drilling platform on the site and begin production in late 1981. On that same day, June 19, two more discoveries were announced on land in Louisiana. Kilroy Company, of Texas, completed a well near Lafayette that flowed at a rate of 10.4 million cubic feet a day, and Patrick Petroleum brought in a well in Lafourche Parish, about fifty miles southwest of New Orleans, with a daily flow rate of 2.5 million cubic feet of gas.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

A Critic Like None of the Rest

ROBERT B. SHAW

KIPLING, AUDEN & CO.: Essays and Reviews 1935-1964. *By Randall Jarrell. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 381 pp. $17.95.*

None of these pieces are less than fifteen, and some are more than forty years old. In view of the age of the reviews and the merited drop into oblivion of most of the books that occasioned them, the level of interest which the book maintains is a thing to marvel at. Except for a very few essays reprinted from his second collection, these are the pieces that Randall Jarrell passed over in preparing his books of critical prose. It is not a comfortable book to criticize: how many critics at their best write with the wit, verve and inspired good sense that glint and bristle in this one's castoffs?

Until I read this book I had never quite understood Jarrell the reviewer's reputation among poets of his generation as a demolition expert. While there were plenty of amusing, side-glancing jibes to be found in Jarrell's books, what one chiefly remembered of these was the infectious enthusiasm with which the poet-critic celebrated heroes such as Whitman, Frost, Moore, Ransom and Lowell. It was with reason that Robert Lowell wrote, "Eulogy was the glory of Randall's criticism. . . . He left many reputations permanently altered and exalted." Finding references to Jarrell's critical ferocity hard to bear out, I decided that the poets were exaggerating, as will ever be their wont. Now, however, I feel it would scarcely be possible to exaggerate the devastation Jarrell was capable of unleashing when his standards were transgressed. It was evidently only his belated sympathy for his victims that kept him from collecting these pieces himself.

His dispraise was all the more lethal for being funny: more like the invective of Mark Twain than that of Yvor Winters. The later poems of Edith Sitwell "are meant to have an apocalyptic grandeur, but they sound as if Madame Blavatsky (just after reading Yeats and the Prophetic Books and an anthology of Christian mysticism) had written them for a society of Latter-day Druids." An early book by Oscar Williams "gave the impression of having been written on a typewriter by a typewriter." Two poets, Leonard Bacon and Witter Bynner, "are traditional in the sense that an appendix is traditional; they are the remains of something necessary under no longer existing conditions." Sometimes the critic's dismay is more muted but no less evident, as when he describes a book as "the work of a poet who has a real talent, but not for words."

Jarrell seems to have regarded the majority of these pieces as ephemeral, and in a sense they are: we are not likely in most cases to look up the books to test his judgments; we hardly need to, since time has for the most part borne him out. But to read these diatribes now is to be reminded anew of how unusually exacting Jarrell's standards were. The wholeheartedness of his appreciation is all the more impressive if one considers how rarely he found objects deserving of it. By the middle 1950s he himself was feeling weary of the flood of books which his honesty required him to condemn:

> Disliking what is bad is only the other face of liking what is good; but what a dark, dank, grudging, graceless face, one endeared neither to gods nor men! And the good, in poetry, is always a white blackbird, an abnormal and unlikely excellence; all that deserves our respect in ordinary life —the consistent, adequate, responsible norm of behavior—gains only our indifference, here. It is unpleasant, discouraging, unnatural to have to go on saying, about each shining new blackbird: *But it's black*; I do it, but I hate doing it. . . .

The zest of Jarrell's writing suggests that he may not altogether have *hated* doing it; but I am willing to believe that he would rather have been praising than annihilating the books that crossed his desk. The pleasure that is got from aggression is too fleeting to have been the motive force of a career such as Jarrell's. It was rather a devotion to the state of letters, almost instinctual in its depth, which drew from this critic the frankness that came as naturally to him as mendacity does to most.

Together with the reviews (many of them written for *The Nation*) this collection includes a number of other things, some of them surprising. There is a section of Jarrell's Master's thesis on Housman, which to some extent transcends its genre. There is a finely done, largely biographical essay on Yeats. There are the three late essays on Kipling, wonderful examples of Jarrell's favored mode of inspired advocacy. There are two altogether charming pieces about Jarrell's hobby, sports cars—as good in their way as Flannery O'Connor's piece about raising peacocks.

There are also a few things that are not so good. In one or two instances his point of view, secular and liberal, leads him to dismiss too quickly poets whose imaginations inhabit spheres of religious or mystical awareness. As an example, H. D.'s long poems of World War II, now widely admired, received from Jarrell treatment that, being uncomprehending, was bound to be unfair. Then, too, Jarrell's preoccupation in some early pieces with demonstrating that modernism was the last phase of romanticism isn't of much interest to us now, and to judge from the dogged tone of the writing it wasn't then of much interest to the author himself. The more generalized essays on the inanity of American culture in the 1950s do not bear rereading well, either. Jarrell's examples of Madison Avenue's crimes against the language are cleverly enough chosen, but illiteracy has made such strides since he wrote that we are likely to find his conviction that he was living in the worst of times quaintly histrionic. This collection shows conclusively that Jarrell was not at his best when engaging in theory or charting trends; it was in measuring the strengths and weaknesses of individual authors that he came into his own.

As critics have remarked, many of Jarrell's better poems are about children, or, in the World War II pieces, about soldiers seen as children. In his last book of poems, *The Lost World*, he wrote openly, and memorably, about his own childhood. Such poetry owed its success to his ability to make the leap

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backward, to see the world with the wondering eyes of a child. It was a similar ability in Wordsworth and Kipling that gained his admiration for those authors. I think it might be said that a certain childlikeness inheres in Jarrell's criticism as much as in his poetry, and that it governs both his approach to literature and the tone in which he writes. He never forgot that one is a reader before one is a critic; he speaks out of solid self-understanding when he says, "The true reader 'listens like a three years' child:/The Mariner hath his will.' Later on he may write like a sixty-three year old sage, but he knows that in *the beginning, unless ye be converted,* and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of art." The vehemence of some of his denunciations is that of the child who has yet to learn what his elders call tact: seeing the Emperor naked he is bound to announce what he sees. The stubbornness of his loyalty to those writers he reveres has in it likewise something of the child to whom life would mean little without heroes. But it should also be said that to the childlike vividness of his perceptions he added a measure of wisdom and moral insight which deepened with the years. He grew capable of making his points without the easy dismissiveness of wisecracks; if one begins by laughing with him one ends by being instructed by his more sober judgments. I mean judgments such as that which ends his review of E. E. Cummings's *Poems: 1923-1956*:

> What I like least about Cummings's poems is their pride in Cummings and their contempt for most other people; the difference between the *I* and *you* of the poems, and other people, is the poems' favorite subject. All his work thanks God that he is not as other men are; none of it says "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner."

Aside from poets, the writers Jarrell praises most highly in this collection are, interestingly, B. H. Haggin the music critic and Ernie Pyle the war correspondent. He writes of them in terms which one can, without straining, apply to Jarrell himself. Of Haggin, he writes:

> [His] taste has extraordinary consistency and rigor—and it is not distorted by having friends and enemies, by being part of any movement, by needing to like or dislike some work in order to prove something. . . . Few living critics have been so exclusively concerned with intrinsic values; have worked so unremittingly and undeviatingly to maintain the highest standards of excellence in an art.

As for Ernie Pyle: "He was their witness; and he looked not to find evidence for his own theories or desires, to condemn, to explain away, to justify, bu only to *see*, and to tell what he saw." think it is the first sentence of this eu logy for a clearsighted reporter tha sums it up most succinctly for Jarrell "He wrote like none of the rest." □

Importing State Terrorism

JORGE NEF

ASSASSINATION ON EMBASSY ROW. *By John Dinges and Saul Landau. Pantheon Books. 411 pp. $14.95.*

It has been nearly seven years since a bloody military coup brought Chile's long-standing democratic tradition to an end. To implement its "free-market" economic model, the junta replaced Chile's liberal market politics by means of a rigidly authoritarian National Security regime. In practice, this meant the systematic administration of fear among Chileans, whether they were apolitical, Marxists, Christian Democrats or supporters of the dictatorship. The institutional mechanism to carry out such forceful political demobilization was the National Directorate of Intelligence (DINA), created in 1974. Its prime directive, in the words of its creator, Col. Manuel Contreras, was "the management of silence."

The newly created DINA combined some organizational features of both the German Gestapo and the Soviet K.G.B., although it was modeled even more closely on the pattern of the Iranian Savak, the Brazilian S.N.I. and the Korean K.C.I.A. As with the last three agencies, DINA received substantial backing in technical, organizational and financial areas from the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency.

With the establishment of what quickly developed into a vast and complex apparatus of surveillance, intimidation, torture and authorized murder, the Chilean National Security "model" transformed the country into a full-fledged "terrorist state."

In the current boom of literature on "international terrorism," almost no attention has been given to the phenomenon of state terrorism. Indeed, few people are willing to recognize any sort of terrorism besides that of radical organizations such as the Red Brigades, the Red Army Faction or the Iranian militants at the U.S. Embassy in Teheran.

John Dinges and Saul Landau's *Assassination on Embassy Row* is, among other things, a provocative study of this largely unexplored area. On one level the book reads like an absorbing spy thriller, almost cinematic in its narrative style. At the same time, its materials are drawn from the three-year investigation that the Institute for Policy Studies conducted following the murder of an I.P.S. associate, exiled Chilean Minister of Foreign Relations and Ambassador, Orlando Letelier.

On September 21, 1976, Letelier and his assistant, Mrs. Ronni Moffitt, were killed in a bomb blast in downtown Washington, D.C. He was probably the most prestigious and influential member of the Chilean exile community with direct access to liberal and socialist politicians throughout the world. The plot of the book focuses upon the murders and upon the subsequent investigation and prosecution of those implicated. Avoiding what might have been a tedious chronological account, the action moves back and forth between the drama of the Chilean coup, the Chilean concentration camps, the broad international network of state repression in Latin America and the events surrounding Letelier's death. As the puzzle starts to take shape, each new piece leads us closer to a picture of the Pinochet regime and its connection with the Cuban exile underground.

The characters in the drama are as well described as the events—especially the character of Michael Townley, the enigmatic American assassin. But it is the book's strength that it displays all of the characters, no matter how interesting, as bit actors in a global drama or mega-

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game whose changing rules they do not fully comprehend.

As in the old morality plays, the final scene is meant to be the Day of Reckoning—in this case, the day of sentencing in the courtroom. But unlike the morality plays, the final judgment is, if not anticlimactic, at least unsatisfying. True, "justice is done," but the larger ambiguities of the global drama remain. In part the justice system itself is at fault for this. During the trial, defense and prosecution seem to change roles: the prosecution deliberately prevents any evidence linking the Pinochet regime or American intelligence from being presented in court. The defense, in turn, appears increasingly interested in looking at the larger picture, the specifically political nature of the crime. Thus, while criminal culpability is finally assessed and the prosecution obtains the convictions, the context of the terrorist act is lost. The megaplayers—the U.S. Government, Gen. Augusto Pinochet, the C.I.A., the American military—who set the terrorist machine in motion walk away unscathed.

On another level, *Assassination on Embassy Row* is a bitter piece of political reporting with a number of disturbing themes. One of these is the objective but passionate indictment of a military regime whose repressiveness is especially compatible with its friendliness to the "free world." What at first appears to be the nearly insane brutality of state terrorism becomes, on closer inspection, a chillingly rational and effective technique for political control on the part of the elites. As Orlando Letelier himself pointed out in the pages of this magazine [*The Nation*, August 28, 1976] shortly before his assassination: "Repression for the majorities and 'economic freedom' for small privileged groups are in Chile two sides of the same coin." In a succinct and unpretentious manner, Dinges and Landau give us one of the most perceptive treatments of the Chilean ruling clique I have seen in a long time. They vividly portray the power struggle between the two major forces underpinning the Pinochet regime until 1977: the economic clans—the Larrains, Vials and Cruzats—and Colonel Contreras's DINA empire. Linked only by their rabid anti-Communism and their allegiance to the United States, the two represented incompatible social projects.

For the economic clans and the "Chicago Boys" (Milton Friedman, et al.), state terrorism constituted only a primary phase—that of demobilization—in allowing the market forces to operate unmolested by the strictures of powerful unions, leftist parties and the welfare state. In their view, by 1977 DINA had not only outlived its purpose but had increasingly become a threat to the power of monopoly capital. DINA's rigid cold-war ideology of counterinsurgency stood in sharp contrast to the "pragmatism" of Chile's economic establishment and the Chicago-trained technocracy. Both sectors drew support from external constituencies: DINA had the backing of the U.S. military and intelligence communities and their sister organizations throughout the hemisphere; Chilean financiers had a global network of bankers, transnational consortia and the new Carter Administration representing the "human rights" concerns of the Trilateral Commission. Inside the Chilean state two hegemonic projects—"Pentagonism" and "Trilateralism"—confronted each other. Pinochet's own survival depended on the outcome of the struggle. By mid-1977, he had decided that DINA had to go. Its institutional successor, the National Information Center (C.N.I.), while retaining much of the personnel and functions of DINA, was subordinated to the rules framed by the economic team.

On the periphery of our vision, throughout the narrative we are aware of the elusive shadow of American security—chiefly the C.I.A. Yet the authors deliberately leave many provocative questions about the Agency unanswered. It is up to the reader to fill in the gaps and draw conclusions. The book itself does not offer any direct evidence about C.I.A. involvement other than to point to its "uncooperativeness," lack of diligence and "administrative mistakes" in handling the Letelier case. However, a number of other works do provide background material on the C.I.A.'s Chilean connection: Victor Marchetti and John Marks's *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*, Armando Uribe's *The Black Book of American Intervention in Chile*, Anthony Sampson's *The Sovereign State of ITT* and, on a documentary level, *The Secret Documents of ITT* and the U.S. Senate report on covert action in Chile. All of these works suggest a high degree of "company" involvement in Chilean affairs.

It is now a matter of public record that American intelligence was implicated in the assassination of Gen. René Schneider in October 1970 and in subsequent plans to wreck the Chilean economy and precipitate a *coup d'état*. It is also known that both President Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger gave their approval to these operations. Moreover, the official U.S. Senate report mentioned earlier has stated that the C.I.A. station in Santiago, Chile, was "instructed to sponsor a program . . . [to] enable the Chilean armed forces to retain their integrity and independent political power; provide direct financial support to key military figures who can be expected to develop a meaningful following in their respective services to restrain and, perhaps, topple the Allende government."

One aspect of particular interest to the C.I.A. connection, which Dinges and Landau discuss in various sections of the book, is the so-called Operation Condor. This multinational undertaking involved a consortium of Latin American intelligence services from a variety of repressive military regimes. DINA's Contreras was its main architect. In its operational part, Condor involved three phases, the first two referring to exchanges of intelligence and international surveillance of exiles on a country-by-country basis. Phase III, however, was the "hottest" of them all. It involved the creation of jointly constituted killer teams to retaliate against and assassinate political opponents. The Letelier murder was one example of an operation in Phase III. Before the Condor operation existed, joint ventures against Chilean dissidents had already occurred: for instance, the killing of Gen. Carlos Prats and his wife in Buenos Aires in 1974 and the *attentat* against former Vice President Bernardo Leighton in Rome in 1975. In all of these, hit-man Townley played a central part. Letelier's murder, however, was the first Phase III operation on U.S. soil.

Columnist Jack Anderson has asserted that all Condor "spy outfits had an important common feature, all had intelligence liaison with the C.I.A., and they operated with a relatively free hand here." If Anderson is correct, it appears highly unlikely that American security, both in the C.I.A. and the military, had no advance knowledge of the plans to eliminate Letelier.

In retrospect, the resolution of the Letelier case, with all its publicity, pro-

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vided interesting pyrotechnics but had negligible political consequences. Of the co-conspirators, the Cuban terrorists were the ones most severely punished. Townley became a witness for the prosecution and received in return a very light sentence. And Pinochet refused to allow Colonel Contreras's extradition, or that of his DINA accomplices. Less than a year after the trial, the main political reverberations of the affair died away in red tape and high-level *Realpolitik*. In time also, the Carter Administration's rhetoric of human rights was attenuated by the "realism" of its born-again hawkishness. The events in Iran, Nicaragua and Afghanistan have made counterinsurgency and National Security doctrines fashionable once more.

As for the Pinochet regime, the General received no more than a "slap on the wrist." He could weather the political storm by promising a kind of "restricted democracy" within the terms of the Linowitz Report—the Trilateral project for Latin America—and by easing up on some of the more ostensible signs of repression. On the whole, his type of regime still appears to many in the North American establishment as "the last best hope" for maintaining dependent capitalism in the Third World. □

TELEVISION

MARK CRISPIN MILLER

The Shakespeare Plays

The British Broadcasting Corporation, the Exxon Corporation, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company of New York have now presented two seasons of "The Shakespeare Plays," with the promise of another four to go. The first year was very bad, and this year's productions were much worse. "The worst is not," however, "so long as we can say, 'This is the worst' ": next year's offerings might prove fatal. Unsatisfied with an opening season that was dreadful only half the time (including, as if by accident, good versions of *Richard II* and *Henry VIII*), the folks ruining the show evidently decided to go all the way. Except for a rerun of *Richard II*, this year's productions—*Twelfth Night*, *The Tempest*, *Henry V*, both parts of *Henry IV*—were stunning, like severe head wounds; painstakingly mounted, like stuffed bears.

What prompted the BBC and those other corporations to embalm Shakespeare's entire corpus, at a cost of $13.6 million? Surely not love of drama, since there is little that's either loving or dramatic in this enterprise. We can also rule out any longing to "bring Shakespeare to the masses," since the project's relentlessly pedantic approach has made the plays incomprehensible, and therefore inaccessible. What made the BBC decide to "blow the horrid deed in every eye" was, in part, a desire to improve the company image. Accused of lowering its standards in unseemly competition with Britain's commercial TV companies, the BBC felt compelled to do something classy. (Exxon, envying the Mobil Oil Corporation's sponsorship of *Masterpiece Theatre*, was similarly motivated.) And this image-saving endeavor will certainly not bankrupt its sponsors. The corporations have devised lavish "kits" to supplement the broadcasts, and "it is imagined," writes one reporter, terrifyingly, in *TV Guide*, "that most high schools and colleges in the U.S. will own a complete set of the plays on video cassette, a development that may revolutionize the teaching of Shakespeare."

It certainly may, since it will turn "the teaching of Shakespeare" into a hypnopaedic exercise. But even if those woozy pupils can stay awake, the video cassettes will teach them only to hate Shakespeare's plays, as one naturally comes to hate all heavy lozenges that do no good. We should read the plays, not because somebody tells us to, or because an acquaintance with those texts will make us enviable, but because they continue to be inimitably meaningful. Unfortunately, the BBC's grim Standard Edition is based on the assumption that Shakespeare's plays must be produced only because they are "The Shakespeare Plays." These adaptations are desperately "Shakespearean" and entirely meaningless, turning the plays into empty antiquarian spectacles.

Their emphasis, in other words, is the opposite of Shakespeare's. The actors at the Globe performed on an empty stage, expecting their audience to listen with imagination: "Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them/Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth." Shakespeare's language was evocative enough to make backdrops and props redundant. In order to let that language do its work, the best directors of Shakespearean film and television—Olivier, Brook, Welles, Kozintsev, Hall—have tried to stylize their productions. Each has avoided historical literalism, using his medium not to bolster vulgar notions of the past but to convey a certain set of meanings derived from personal study of the text. "The Shakespeare Plays," on the other hand, reflects the corporate approach. hiring lots of "experts," spending too much money and making something deadly out of something good. Each play is just another useless product, meant for quick consumption.

Struggling to create the proper aura, the BBC has blown a wad on late medieval bric-a-brac: hogsheads, crossbows, goblets, scrolls—everything but ye kitchen sinke. These irrelevant items clutter irrelevant sets, all those dungeons and taverns and banquet halls which Shakespeare only mentions, but which the BBC has meticulously reconstructed. Such "realism" is supposed to lend these shows an atmosphere at once authentic and colorful, but it only distracts us from the verse, and has the further ill effect of implying a certain condescension, both to the plays and to the past. This literalism becomes hilarious when the action moves "outdoors," that is, onto a studio set covered with fake knolls and plastic trees. While the film studio can present a credible illusion of the natural world, the nails and plaster are always obvious on television. (Using the real thing is no less of an error, as last year's *As You Like It*, set disconcertingly amid actual woods, made very clear.) This fact of video adds a touch of humor to the BBC's battle scenes, in which small groups of uneasy men try to roughhouse on fields of Astroturf.

As with the many props and sets, so it is with the endless costumes, as splendid

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as they are unnecessary. Largely unaware of the cultural differences between past and present, the Elizabethans expected all dramatic characters, regardless of temporal setting, to be dressed in contemporary fashion; they sought their spectacle not in the wardrobe but in the playwright's language. Having invested heavily in capes and tights, the BBC has estranged us from that language, muffling the characters in too many clothes: "Robes and furr'd gowns hide all."

But the text suffers most, paradoxically, from the BBC's pedantic treatment of it. If Shakespeare were still alive, he would delete the dead puns and topical references which only his contemporaries could grasp at first hearing. The BBC has left it all intact, cutting only to save a little time, but never to interpret or illuminate the plays. This indiscriminate retention is an expression of contempt, rather than "reverence," for Shakespeare. The BBC retained both good and bad, lasting and archaic, evidently figuring that the plays are all so great and hard and meaningless that it really doesn't matter if nobody understands them, as long as everybody buys them.

Certainly the BBC itself doesn't understand them, or it would have cut some lines that make no sense in modern circumstances. Just as we could do without a lot of dated wordplay, so could a general audience derive more benefit from productions sensibly updated, to account for some of the theatrical innovations which have taken place since 1600. "If I were a woman," Helen Mirren tells us, delivering the epilogue to *As You Like It*, "I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defied not." Inasmuch as Helen Mirren looks remarkably like a woman, this statement is a bit baffling: the line was written for one of the boy actors who played the female roles in Shakespeare's theater. "Can this cockpit hold/The vasty fields of France?" the Chorus (Alec McCowan) asks us at the start of *Henry V*, "Or may we cram/Within this wooden O the very casques/That did affright the air at Agincourt?" What "cockpit"? What "wooden O"? All we see is some guy on television, whereas these terms refer to Shakespeare's circular theater; and the question, furthermore, is irrelevant on an electronic medium, which *can* "hold the vasty fields of France." If the adapters at the BBC were intent on keeping these famous lines, they ought to have staged them in some meaningful way, but that would have required an understanding of the verse, an awareness of television's possibilities and a little thought.

The BBC evidently hopes to let the plays interpret themselves, as if an uncut text and a lot of period detail will somehow yield the right reading. In fact, there is no such thing as a "correct" or "standard" rendering, nor can any version, no matter how ill-considered, fail to reflect the ideas of its makers. This became painfully obvious in the BBC's inadvertent reading of Shakespeare's "Henriad": *Richard II*, *Henry IV* (parts I and II) and *Henry V*.

Prince Hal is the hero of this tetralogy although he never appears in *Richard II*, which only sets the stage (so to speak) for his ascent. He is not a sympathetic sort of hero. At the outset of *Henry IV—Part I*, he tells us frankly that he is only using Falstaff and the other rogues to make his eventual acceptance of responsibility seem sudden and miraculous: he is confident that, when he finally gives up such bad company, "My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault,/Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes/Than that which hath no foil to set it off." Hal understands that power is based on an ability to perform convincingly; throughout his life on stage, he observes this Machiavellian principle with spectacular efficiency, putting on the attributes of those whom he surpasses and destroys. At the right time, he humiliates Falstaff with a public rejection, yet retains that facility with the lowly which he had been able to perfect in Falstaff's world: in *Henry V*, he converses easily with the common soldiers. Later in that play, he courts Katherine of France with a rough, soldierly humor that recalls his enemy, Hotspur, dallying with another Katherine in *Henry IV—Part I*. And, when necessary, he can overwhelm his opponents with "hard-favor'd rage," as his father, beset by conspirators, had tried and failed to do. Hal can redeem England from its fallen state because he is a flexible and rousing actor. The war in France, begun on the flimsiest of legal pretexts, is only a theatrical occasion, offering Henry V a chance to play his greatest role.

Whether or not Shakespeare treats Hal's heroism ironically is a subject of much critical debate. The fact remains that Hal's power depends on pretense, violating what we cherish today as "sincerity." It is doubtful, however, that a group of corporations can pro-

SHAPESHIFTING

You are not familiar in that shape,
south light glinting off you so that
I cannot tell if you are solitaire

or fractured mirror. But avert
my eyes and you are a diorama
in amber, rivers running to sea, drying

beds of resin, molding this cosmology
of you, the browns and russets
of your evolution. And you have a grammar,

the solecism of your eyes moving
from the arcane libraries you include
to me, sitting in the leather chair,

reading. In any language but ours
there are differences in you, the thief who
steals the crystalline hour of the wolf

and waves it as scepter or wand.
An afternoon in February, the sky bored
with its reflection in city streets,

the late shadow of winter that you transform
into dogwood and forsythia, bunches
of cinnamon fern that you leave at my door.

Nancy Esposito

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uce a work critical of, or even objec-ive about, the mighty. Moreover, the rofit-making habit is hard to shake: Exxon would surely prefer a hero with road and immediate appeal. The BBC as therefore bowdlerized this difficult haracter, turning "the warlike Harry" nto a really nice person.

This revision owes something to the asting, which, like everything else in nese productions, entailed much point-ss research: David Gwillim was appar-ntly chosen for the lead because he oks something like the real Henry V as epresented in contemporary portraits. his was not a good idea. Gwillim may ave the same long nose and high fore-ead as that dead Plantagenet, but he lso has a high-pitched voice and a ten-ency to dimple in the midst of banter. Ie is also very thin. While Henry, "ripe or exploits and mighty enterprises," as to be played fairly butch, Gwillim oks like one of Herman's Hermits.

His unthreatening mien, however, uits the BBC's intentions perfectly. his Henry is a peach. Telling us that he vill dump his companions when the ime comes, Gwillim makes it sound not ke a calculated step but like a cute idea hat's just occurring to him. His rela-ionship with Falstaff is without ten-ion, reminding us less of Shakespeare han of Neil Simon: a slob and a prig, haring a place, bicker adorably. And, n *Henry V*, when the king condemns to leath three would-be assassins, Gwil-m's Henry denounces the traitors not vith a bang but a simper. Henry's dia-ribe is a long passage of exalted wrath, ut Gwillim makes it mawkish, choking ack the tears and sinking to a bitter vhisper. His rejection of Falstaff at the nd of *Henry IV—Part I* is also played veepily, with Henry doing what he must lespite his breaking heart.

This tearful moment depends on the complete neutralization of Falstaff's haracter, which is, in fact, no longer unny in *Henry IV—Part II*. The witty old tempter of the earlier play turns thoroughly gross in the sequel, corrupt in body as in soul, trying to turn disease into a joke: "A pox of this gout! or a gout of this pox!" His banishment is necessary, and no tragedy. The BBC Falstaff, however, does not go from merriment to melancholy, or from any particular mood to any other, since Anthony Quayle's performance is one long coy wheeze. He plays it fat and phlegmy, upstaging the gentle Gwillim with a moist selection of respiratory sound effects. Playing "the gallant Hotspur," little Tim Pigott-Smith is as monotonous as Quayle and as ill-equipped as Gwillim. Although "very valiant" and capable of wit, Hotspur craves honor too much, and so at last destroys himself. There is no heroism in this rendering by Pigott-Smith, who rants tediously from beginning to end, like a crabby teen-ager who wishes he were taller. Of all the unfortunate actors in this series, only Jon Finch does credit to the playwright, achieving a performance of isolated brilliance as the bitter and guilt-ridden Henry IV.

In programs like these, produced for all the wrong reasons, excellence must appear by accident. Perhaps someone talented can animate this dismal project: Jonathan Miller was recently hired as producer, replacing Cedric Messina, who must take most of the blame for these first two seasons. If the corporations want dullness, however, Miller will be forced to work around them, or to quit. In that case, the backers will continue to get exactly what they pay for: productions that are worse than nothing, a disgrace to Shakespeare, an embarrassment to British theater, an insult to the audience and a detriment to education. The BBC ought to sponsor intelligent adaptations cast with the world's best actors instead of exploiting "a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams." □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Chicago

The Navy Pier in Chicago, built in 1913 for shipping and strolling, was recently rehabilitated as part of the city's policy of enhancing its lake front. It is a spacious glazed vault, in style somewhere between London's Crystal Palace (constructed for the Great Exhibition of 1851) and the iron buildings for which Chicago architecture is famous. For six days in May it housed "Art 1980 Chicago," the American counterpart to the Basel Trade Fair in Switzerland.

Just before the Pier show, there was a similar event in Washington, D.C., at the National Armory, "Art '80." It was organized by Interart, a group that leased the space to dealers who reportedly made sales of some $12 million. Other fairs are in preparation: "Art 1980 New York," by Interart, for example, at Pier 92, and next March there will be a big print fair at the Colosseum in New York City. (Prints and multiple editions dominated the Washington show, incidentally, and left only about one-third of the exhibition space for painting and sculpture.) It is clear that we are entering a period of proliferating art fairs.

There was a lot to see in Chicago, where each gallery had its own shop. One of the stronger representations was of decorative abstract painters, such as Jane Kaufman and John Torreano (Droll-Kolbert), Kim McConnell (Holly Solomon), Robert Kushner and Robert Zakanitch (Barbara Gladstone). Photo-realists were not numerous but Nancy Hoffman had a solid group in Joseph Raffael, Paul Sarkisian and Ben Schonzeit. But if the title of the show contained a promise to survey "Art 1980," it did not do so. There were too many prints (cheap to transport), too many arbitrary inclusions and too few galleries represented. Few major galleries took the occasion as seriously as Leo Castelli, for example, whose showing included large new works by Rauschenberg, Lichtenstein and Warhol. There were too many examples of what a friend of mine called "small blue chips" such as a little de Kooning, a modest Lichtenstein.

In addition, art fairs are not the sorts of gatherings that alternative spaces can participate in, owing to the cost of booths, so this whole segment of rising artists was missing. No attempt was made to coordinate the market aspect of art with a program of any intellectual caliber, and despite the presence of the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, the Museum of Contemporary Art and the Art Institute, not to mention unaffiliated individuals, there were no seminars or discussions. There was not even a coordinated attempt to show a panorama of Chicago artists, though Phyllis Kind and Zolla Lieberman stressed local work. Something like the Central Pavilion of the Venice Biennale, a suite of galleries devoted to Italian art, should have been provided.

The fair is an opportunity for dealers to build up the Midwestern market and Chicagoans welcome such activity in their city. However, the organizers need to find a way to combine gallery participation with other art world interests,

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such as alternative spaces, local artists and an educational program. It is surprising that this was not done from the beginning, as it would have helped to compensate for the imbalance between Basel and Chicago as markets. Basel is centrally located and well-supported internationally, whereas Chicago's drawing power is considerably less. A part of the problem may lie with the advisory board of "Art 1980 Chicago," which consists largely of collectors. The collectors, distinguished as they are, must be considered as part of the market. They are used to being the customers of dealers and are therefore the dealers' advocates here. These collectors amount to an informally constituted Chamber of Commerce for Cultural Affairs.

One can see how the situation arises. A collection, although purchased from commercial dealers, acquires with luck a cultural value. Collectors aware of the cultural value of their acquisitions may forget the commodity aspect of the work of art. Thus, as members of the advisory board, they seem to act in the service of culture, but their decisions actually remain bound to the market.

Four members of the advisory board lent works to a Joan Miró exhibition shown at the same time as the fair at the David and Alfred Smart Gallery, University of Chicago. Their loans included the outstanding work in a good show, a surly work of 1925 called simply "Painting," a field of brown paint interrupted by a white hand, a red heart and a black cloud, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Morton G. Neumann. The show, conceived by Washington University in St. Louis, drew on strong local resources, and received as well four loans from the Museum of Modern Art in New York City, which is on an unaccustomed lending spree owing to the huge Picasso show that fills it this summer.

"Joan Miró: The Development of a Sign Language" is everything that the repetitious Pier show is not: it takes a precise subject and follows it purposefully. The curator, Sandra Stich, views Miró's work in terms of signs, emphasizing "the power of meaning" in opposition to "a *private* base for his language" or "a *formalist* orientation." The former view, colored by Miró's surrealistic allegiances, supposes that art is the projection of personal desire, whereas the latter gives pride of place to flat design and physical directness of handling. Stich emphasizes Miró's "prehistoric and anthropological sources" and lists the publications available at the time. Everybody who has written about Miró agrees on his primitivism, but Stich sets it in a cultural context.

Her text is not revisionist, but this is not the sole use of art history; she relates Miró to the ideas of the 1920s. The result is to set him convincingly within the options of his time. □

POP MUSIC

TOM SMUCKER

Diana

Among the pop talents that surfaced during disco's heyday to make the transition into the post-disco era, there are none more interesting than Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards, the masterminds behind Chic and Sister Sledge, and the writers and producers of Diana Ross's latest album, *Diana*.

That *Diana* has been red-hot on the dance floors and record charts since its release is no surprise. It's a summit meeting of two generations of cool black urban pop. As the lead singer of the Supremes, Ross epitomized the upscale funkiness of Motown in the 1960s, and Chic has done the same for disco. Actually, disco is, in some ways, nothing more than the 1970s transmutation of Motown. While Ross, after leaving the Supremes, wandered through mainstream Las Vegas show-biz success and glamour, disco was busily reworking those same glitzy elements back into a more accessible, less ponderous and *livelier* format. As is often the case with pop culture careers, Wanting to Make It and Making It generate excitement, but Having Made It is dull. Success is a thrill, but Established Wealth is resented. A restrained production like *Diana* is consequently a smart career move by Ross, and the ultimate recognition for Rodgers and Edwards.

There's one nagging problem about matching Diana and disco, however. Disco generally, and the Rodgers-Edwards sound in particular, are more anonymous vocally than classic Motown. Groups like the Supremes were restrained—Motown wasn't *soul* music or blues after all, it was *pop*—but they had identifiable voices and projected defined personas. Rodgers and Edwards have a sound all right—in fact all their songs sound alike—but Chic's vocals are light staccato chants, and if there's any personality, it's one that's very cautious about imposing itself on the outside world.

From her earliest days as a kittenish sex object, Ross has been restrained too, but she's still more rooted in a gospel-like style than Chic. So her own gifts were better served on her last album, *The Boss*, by old Motown stablemates Ashford and Simpson. Yet *Diana* is the better album. Why? Partly it's because restraint is just what the pop doctor orders for pop personalities who are beginning to be spread too thinly across the front pages of mass culture. Partly it's because restraint implies a reassuring post-nouveau-riche self-discipline for Ross as a female sex object. Usually such objects lack control over their own images. But it's also because Rodgers and Edwards churn out fresh, interesting songs no matter how hard they work.

This is music that sounds superficial until you listen to it closely and find out it's saying something, a welcome change from the art rock of the early 1970s which appeared to be saying something until you listened closely and found out it was superficial. It's also music that sounds incomplete, until you listen again and find its restraint *adds* tension (it *is* great dance music after all).

Because restraint is so central to the Rodgers-Edwards sound, I prefer their work with the more anonymous Chic, or the renovations they sometimes perform on more obscure acts, like their current single, "Spacer," for Sheila and B. Devotion, a second-string European disco group. Diana Ross is an icon with a lot of cultural baggage, but I doubt that 1 percent of *The Nation*'s readers are even aware of Sheila and B. Devotion. In a pop form often burdened by its past and its symbols and superstars, it's an interesting artistic ploy to bestow great material on essentially anonymous groups, or to create an essentially anonymous group—Chic—yourself.

It's also a sign of the times. Restraint and caution, let alone lowered expectations, are the order of the day, and if there's any chance for fulfillment, it lies, in the Rodgers-Edwards world view, in the chance for upward mobility and enjoyable leisure time. But it would be a mistake to think of this as mindless stuff—the message is delivered with too

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much charm and irony. "We want the best/We won't settle for less" sings Chic about a night on the town; at another point, they aspire "to reach for a star/or maybe shoot ten under par" but then give it up for dancing. "Have fun again/just like little children," sings Diana Ross, and in the context of a Carter-Reagan Presidential race, who can argue? This is resigned hedonism.

Such are the pleasures of great pop music, where skill and craft mix successfully with the public mood to make a flood of music that sounds like it couldn't exist in any other time or place, where lyrics jumble the trivial with the insightful and make you laugh out loud, where what sounds at first like background music ends up being irresistible, reassuring and disturbing. □

THEATER

HAROLD CLURMAN

The Conference of the Birds

Laurence Olivier, on seeing a performance of Bertolt Brecht's Berliner Ensemble, exclaimed, "This is not theater, it is a way of life." What he saw had a religious aura, the kind of conviction that inspired the entire company, a personal commitment that in time became the basis for the company's technique. Peter Brook calls this phenomenon the Holy Theater.

It was such a theater he hoped to establish when he set out ten years ago with a group of international actors, and more or less abandoned London and New York for fresh impulses in faraway places in the Third World. He brings the result of those years of training and experiment to New York at the La MaMa Experimental Theatre on West 4th Street.

The Conference of the Birds (the third in Brook's La MaMa trilogy, following *L'Os/Ubu* and *The Ik*) is a translation of a twelfth-century philosophic-religious poem from which Jean-Claude Carrière and Peter Brook have constructed a stage scenario. The birds of the title represent humanity and the various types who compose it. Some are self-satisfied, some timorous, some wholly devoted to beauty, some skeptical, etc., etc. But all realize or are made aware by their leader, the Hoopoe, that they are astray in a bad world. To save themselves from chaos and total desperation, they must find their king (the truth or God). But the way to the Simorg (the king) is far off and the journey across countless deserts. Some of the birds hesitate or refuse to join the pilgrimage: they are resigned to their little contentments and petty advantages. Of those who make the journey, some fall away in weariness or despair, some die, but the more courageous persist in the quest.

When, finally, they arrive at their apparent destination, this is what the Hoopoe tells us ". . . A dazzling light shone. At last they saw the Simorg and they saw that the Simorg was themselves and that they were the Simorg. . . . Not understanding, they questioned the Simorg, without using words. . . . Then the Simorg told them, also without words: 'The sun of my majesty is a mirror. He who sees himself in it sees his soul and his body. . . .' Then the birds lost themselves forever in the Simorg. . . . The way is open but there is neither traveler nor guide."

This fable or morality play, however you choose to name it, is narrated through actors who appear on stage with carved images of their winged prototypes. In some of their speeches, you recognize the follies and foibles of humankind. The emblems designed to identify the birds are handsome—in several instances they are bedecked with fabrics of lovely color and texture. The actors speak with the simplicity and intelligence one expects of the stripped Brook style. Beyond the words and the particular attributes of the players themselves, there is little attempt at characterization. There is no attempt at histrionic comedy effect. Everything is direct and unadorned, as is the prose of the stage version itself.

There is little obscurity in *The Conference of the Birds*: it is all as clear as what the words plainly say. We are all in God and part of God; indeed we are all God or reflections of Him in all His myriad shadowy aspects. There are no people who move or come directly toward this truth, nor are there any sure guides to it. We must all find it for ourselves.

Does this mystique illuminate or appease you? And this is not the only question we ask ourselves as we leave the theater after an hour and fifteen minutes of what we may find an agreeable and chastely pretty performance. The pertinent question is: what has Brook achieved, apart from a profane adornment? What religion does his theater embody in the spectacles he has just brought us?

I don't want to leave the term "religious" altogether vague. The religion of Max Reinhardt's theater, for example, was essentially a celebration of the sensual: visual, musical, personal, verbal. It was the religion of an elevated hedonism. The religion of the Moscow Art Theatre was the belief that out of psychological truth a means might be found by which to enter, understand and share in the treasures of the human spirit. Meyerhold's religion was a symbolic or stylized theatricalism that aimed to unfold in its way the the truths that the realists had disclosed through psychological intuition and observation. Brecht's religion sought to make the theater a place where experience was judged in order to lead the way to an altering of the usual patterns of our fate. Grotowski's religion broke down the barriers of individuals' (to begin with, the actors') egos so that they might see themselves in the fullness of their true being—as one does in extreme pain or shock.

What bound these and other such theaters together was not only the fervor of their commitment. Their "religion" became the basis of a technique that lent their plays an extraordinary expressiveness, an exalted stagecraft. As Olivier's exclamation suggests, conviction was deeply felt and mutually shared, and theater was most memorable apart from the particular skills demonstrated in a particular production.

Brook has learned much from Brecht and Grotowski in his determination to eliminate showiness. He is a highly intelligent and adept theater craftsman: indeed, he is brilliant. While wholly zealous, however, he does not possess that holiness (I could as easily say depth, or a special gift of mind—or soul) that is the mark of the great creators. He is seeking it nobly, avidly and painstakingly, but he does not possess it *originally* in the recesses of his being.

All honor to him. But let us not mistake high intention for achievement. To do so is to fall subject to the error of our usual cultural procedures: faddism, an appetite for novelty for its own sake, a subject for café chatter, pedantic or ecstatic twaddle. □

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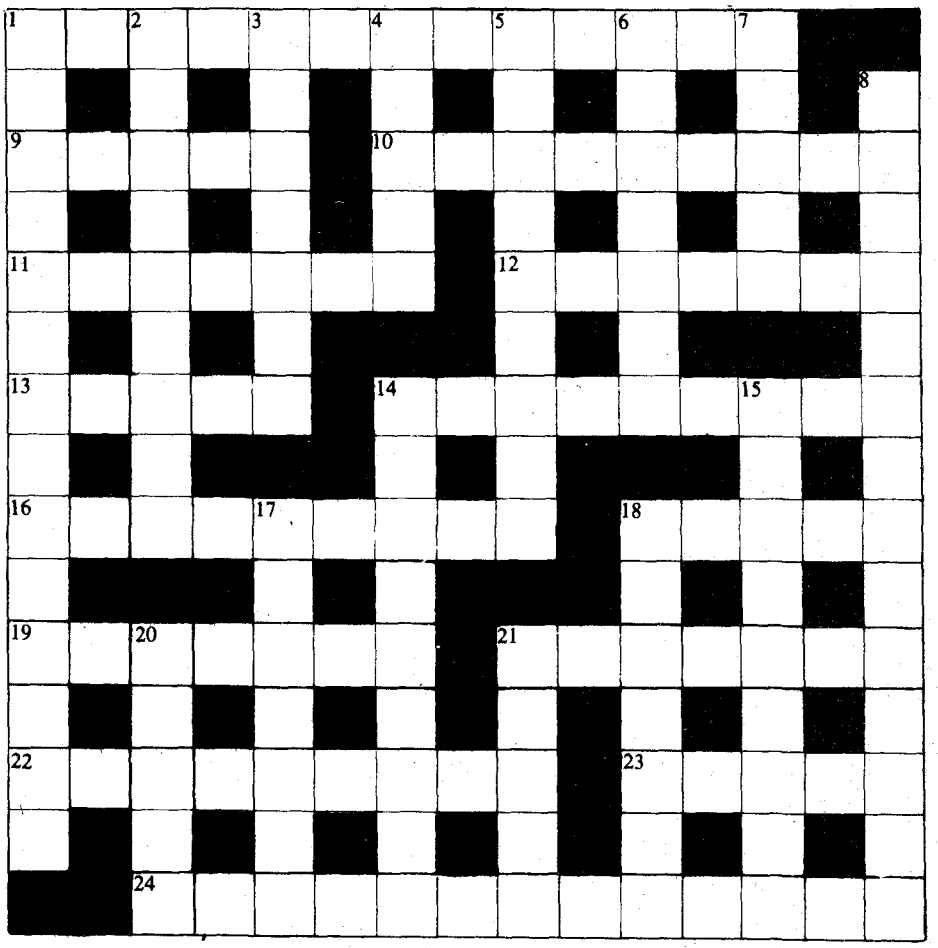

ACROSS

1 The young Mr. Burbank—or any other early riser? (7,6)
9 Traditionally a crowd with a number of oriental kings. (5)
10 Questionably fine act of love? (9)
11 Did they once carry on in this, with the Army Air Corps? (7)
12 It involves being pitted again, concerning lighter combination. (7)
13 Sort of eager to say yes. (5)
14 Forced to an end. (9)
16 Certainly an upright quality. (9)
18 Someone like Descartes has a point to take up again. (5)
19 Nothing very loud dies in convulsion, but there's a penalty for being so . . . (7)
21 . . . and being very loud in here with a listening device around shows polish. (7)
22 Passage, in one sense. (9)
23 Was it her familiarity with the one dictating that put her on the stage? (Inevitably, in part!) (5)
24 One does in adopting innovations permanently. (Those who wait are often told to do so.) (4,3,6)

DOWN

1 Continuing the argument, you can't get into a subway twice, this way! (2,3,4,5)
2 One isn't lightly mounted on such—at least it might not be the best bet! (4,5)
3 A form of hard water to flow, by the sound of it. (3,4)
4 Wheat isn't the type you'd look for in the wood. (5)
5 Those who see that the law is obeyed were reputedly beyond the law. (9)
6 Comes in back to front, but that's what people get for working so hard! (7)
7 Fast writer. (5)
8 Certainly not up and coming—one shouldn't be a free-wheeler so! (2,3,9)
14 It might serve as an example, if improperly percented. (9)
15 Tried on, in fashion to be some performance! (9)
17 This, with the ending let loose, is sharp. (7)
18 In short, the arbiter has hers mixed up with what a drink might do. (7)
20 Open the way to be freely corresponding. (5)
21 To a degree, the way to clean up. (5)

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ACROSS: 1 Shock troops; 9, 11 and 10 Play hard to get; 12 Catalpa; 13 Hogwash; 15 Hideaway; 16 Excuse; 18 Abases; 21 Sunshine; 24 Florist; 26 Staring; 28, 29 and 30 Good afternoon; 31 Sound asleep. DOWN: 2 Haymakers; 3 Cat's-paw; 4 Toga; 5 Outdone; 6 Pshaw; 7 Alkali; 8 Trusts; 14 Nyasa; 17 Coherence; 19 Bellow; 20 Sustain; 22 Natural; 23 Noncom; 25 Radio; 27 Etna.

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